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Lib State Historical Soc X

CONGRESSIONAL

CHINESE TREATY AND EX[illegible] ACTS.

The Effect Upon the Several Interests Represented in the Senate by the Notice Given by the Chinese Government That the Treaty of 1894 Is to Expire at Its Termination.

The debate in the Senate on the approaching expiration of the existing treaty with China, and which excludes Chinese immigration, looked very much like a bag would, which, being over-full, rips in all directions, and as fast as one rip is patched compels the patchers to fly to the other side and give their attention to a fresh rip. To understand the rips, the history of our relations with China must be known. It sheds light backward and forward.

China was a country of exclusion, its people remained at home, and it would allow no strangers to enter. The allied powers bombarded this "wall" down. Thus started the treaties commenced.

The first treaty with China was negotiated in 1868. It is called the Burlingame Treaty, Anson Burlingame, the then American Minister to China, having negotiated it, and, immediately after, resigning his position, returned to America at the head of a body of distinguished Chinese, commissioned by their country to secure its ratification. It was ratified.

Sections 5 and 6 of that treaty are of peculiar value in understanding the trend of the evolution of the capitalist mind. The two clauses contained a recognition in set terms of "the inherent and inalienable right of man to change his [illegible]"; they declared, accordingly, [illegible] immigration and emigration of American and Chinese citizens and subjects, respectively. The whole previous Chinese policy was hereby abandoned. China was forced to abandon it on the plea of the "inalienable rights of men," etc.; and long-headed Chinese hastened to profit by the new departure. The great Chinese Six Companies were organized, and Chinese immigration began to pour into America—merchants, travelers and workingmen, especially workingmen. And then the trouble began to brew. The "inalienable rights" of man bumped up against a solid fact. Greedily did the employing class welcome the Chinese workmen, and insist upon the "inalienability" being enforced—it jumped in with the capitalists' liking for low wages, but the Chinese low wages could not be enjoyed without the capitalists held the government. Here was a dilemma: Insist on the inalienable rights, and then have the workingmen take the government out of the capitalists' hands; or keep the government with the aid of workingmen votes but then forego the inalienability by keeping out the Chinese. The capitalist class itself not being a happy family, "renegades" among them were willing to make common cause with Labor in exchange for office and keep the Chinese out. The result of these home troubles was a protracted negotiation with China to abrogate and amend the treaty so as to exclude the Chinese. China wondered at the flop; it ridiculed the American envoys. "Only yesterday," said the Chinese Yamen, "you clapped your hands at the inalienable right of emigration and immigration, and now you go back on your own 'principles of civilization'!" The reesult was the treaty of 1880.

This treaty somewhat closed the door of America to Chinese immigration, and it became the basis of the exclusion laws since passed by Congress. But even that did not work well, and finally the third, the treaty of 1894, was concluded, which expressly provided that for a period of ten years the coming of Chinese laborers to the United States was absolutely prohibited, except under certain conditions.

In the meantime the Philippines have been conquered. Not only is a vast amount of cheap labor thus directly brought into the United States, but the islands are held in such a way that the Chinese can freely enter. Of course cheap labor in the Philippine dependencies is not cheap labor right in Pennsylvania, New York and Ohio. But it is the next thing to it, and our capitalists were settling down to enjoy things, when the Chinese Government threw a bomb into their camp by sending formal notice that the treaty of 1894 will terminate immediately upon the expiration of the period mentioned (Dec. 7, 1904) and shall not continue for another period. In other words, the Chinese Goverament forces the hands of the capitalists. With this explanation the "rips" will be understood.

One set of capitalists is anxious to have unlimited Chinese immigration allowed; they think themselves safe against the labor vote, but this same element is caught on the Philippine question; it believes in expansion, and while it is ready to take its chances on the "Labor Vote," it is not ready to take the added chances of losing the votes of the sentimentalists who object to expansion. On the other hand, the anti-expansionists are ready to assume any attitude on the Chinese question that will favor their anti-expansion interests.

Thus the debate in the Senate resolved itself into a sparring for position, the subject of the Chinese Treaty, the thing in mind being the Philippines, the large capitalist interests of movable plants being for expansion, and the smaller capitalist interests being against, with the large capitalists of stationary or immovable plants, such as mines and railroads, about divided—as far as can be judged from their representatives in the Senate.

* * *

CURRENT COMMENT

One day last week J. B. Duke, the head of the Tobacco Trust, was elected a delegate to the Republican National Convention from a congressional district in New Jersey. On Saturday, April 9, the same thing happened to E. H. Harriman, president of the Union Pacific, in the 20th congressional district of New York. The election of such delegates indicates that the capitalists hereafter intend to do openly what they have hitherto done secretly, viz., control the politics of the country as their interests dictate. So this step will help to make clearer the class character of political parties it meets with the approval of the Socialist. Every accentuation of the class struggle is welcomed by him.

The capitalists should acclaim Prof. Patten the greatest economist that ever breathed, for declaring that the social problem will be solved by both husband and wife working. Just think of the great supply of labor which such a theory will keep permanently in the market, if put into practice! Just think of the low wages the combined employment of man and wife would make possible! Why, the capitalists would be derelict in their duty if they did not thank Prof. Patten for solving their "social problem." As for anybody else's social problem, Prof. Patten's "solution" is, quite clearly, not intended to touch it!

BERRY GETS VERDICT

JURY AWARDS S. L. P. MAN $1,500 DAMAGES IN DONOVAN CASE.

Labor Fakir's Method of Victimizing Receives Solar Plexus Blow—Means Life or Death for Tobin and His Satellites—Haverhill Shoeworkers Delighted.

(*Special to The Daily People.*)

Lawrence, Mass., April 14.—In the Superior Civil Court, before Justice Chas. A. De Courcey, and a jury, a verdict was returned to-day in the case of Michael T. Berry vs. Jerry E. Donovan, for the plaintiff, with damages at $1,500.

The history of this case is interesting. It is as follows: For three years and eleven months prior to January 14, 1902, the plaintiff, Berry, was employed by the firm of Hazen B. Goodrich & Co., of Haverhill, as a shoe worker, under an oral contract. The plaintiff was a member of Section Haverhill, S. L. P., and often spoke at meetings of the S. L. P. held on the public streets of that city.

Donovan, in the early part of 1901, was the agent of the Shoeworkers' Independent Union, and, later, became the agent of a rival organization, the (Tobin) Boot and Shoeworkers' Union.

At the meetings of the S. L. P. Berry often criticised the conduct of Donovan, who, he said, was a Labor Fakir, and was attempting to "throw" the independents over to Tobin. Donovan felt the lashing he was getting and set about to put Berry on the street. He called upon the firm and demanded that they STOP THE MEETINGS OF THE S. L. P. and control Berry, which the firm attempted to do. But Berry refused to be controlled.

Then Donovan demanded that the plaintiff be discharged and one Louis M. Scates, a Kangaroo Tobinite, be put in his place. The firm refused to accede on the ground that Berry was an expert workman, and they did not want to have their business interrupted. Then Donovan attempted to have the shop crew strike plaintiff out of the shop, on the allegation of defendant that plaintiff was attempting to disrupt the Independent Union. The union not only refused this, but passed a vote at a shop crew meeting exonerating the plaintiff .

Donovan then threw the Independent Union over to the Tobin gang, put the stamp of the B. & S. W. Union into the Goodrich factory under a contract for a term of 3 years and caused a demand to be made on the plaintiff that he join the Tobin combine, as a condition of his remaining employed in said factory. The plaintiff refused and Donovan then demanded his discharge, which took place January 24, 1902. Berry then brought suit for damages against Donovan, with the addamnum placed at $3,000.

At the trial of the case the defendant, Donovan, admitted that Berry was discharged owing to the existence of a contract between Goodrich & Co. and the B. & S. W. U., but claimed that the act was voluntary on the part of the firm, and was in no wise the result of his conduct. He attempted to justify his conduct under the contract.

The court ruled, in effect, that between Goodrich & Co. and the Boot and Shoeworkers' Union such a contract was binding, but that it could not control when the rights of third parties were involved. The court ordered the jury to refuse to consider the contract as a justification, and if the plaintiff furnished sufficient evidence to make out a case, and to show interference to find for plaintiff, which they did.

Behind the scenes stands the Tobin Union, which will probably carry the case to the full bench, as this decision means life or death to them. If it is upheld, the Boot and Shoeworkers' Union is a "Dead One," as the contract and stamp are their clubs to drive dupes into the camp. They have instituted a reign of terror in the shoe trade, owing to their practices of "Blood and Iron" on those who refuse to yield to their Highbinder methods.

In Haverhill, where both of the parties are well known, there was a feeling of unbounded delight among the shoeworkers, when the verdict became known. It was generally said, "The S. L. P. will fight. They lived to do the job of putting Carey out, now follows the Boot and Shoeworkers, and their man, Donovan.

Yes, the S. L. P. will fight. Stand aside, fakirs! Success.

* * *

THE WEAVERS' STRIKE.

All readers of The People who desire to see the brave fighters of North Vassalboro, Me., backed up in the manner they unquestionably deserve, should do all in their power to promptly render them assistance in their struggle against the tyranny of the American Woolen Co. The strikers are members of L. A. 392, S. T. & L. A., and all contributions sent to John J. Kinneally or Sam J. French, 2-6 New Reade street, New York, will be acknowledged in the Daily and Weekly People and forwarded to Amos B. Handy, Rec. Sec. L. A. 392, S. T. & L. A.

* * *

If you receive a sample copy of this paper it is an invitation to subscribe. Subscription price: 50 cents per year; 25 cents for six months. Address Weekly People, 2-6 New Reade street, New York City.

FRANZ VON SICKINGEN

A Tragedy in Five Acts

Translated from the German of Ferdinand Lassalle by

DANIEL DE LEON

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ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A castle in the neighborhood of Worms.*

The stage represents a knight's state room. To the left is a cabinet. At its half-open door, in the act of leaving the cabinet and closing the door after him, stands the Imperial Councilor HANS RENNER *bowing to a person within.*

Emp. [*From within the cabinet.*]
These matters all with him arranged,
Apprise me. For all others I shall be
Engaged.
Ren. [*Bowing.*] It will be done, Imperial Majesty!
[*Closes the door of the cabinet and steps forward.*]
A wondrous youth this Charles! Upon his one
And twenty years' shoulders there sits
A head full fifty years old and wise,
So serious-keen, so penetrating-sage,
Unlike all else upon young age bestowed!
'Tis almost against Nature's course so ripe,
At such an age so consummate reserved
To be! Who could his purpose penetrate?
Or fathom what he means concealed to keep?
But one thing is quite clear. No common mind
Dwells in this young man's well controlled being.
[*Is for a moment lost in meditation.*]
And yet, not one trait has he of you, Max!
You were quite otherwise! An Emp'ror still
When back to you my thoughts revert—recall
You standing here in the bloom of youth—
The burden of my three score years and ten
Seems almost to roll off my stooping back!
In my eyes you have never aged.
I ever see you in your fullest youth—
When your blonde hair in rippling ringlets fell;
Your eyes, deep blue, broad-orbed, whose brilliant light
Like two stars shone; your free, clear voice,
That mild and truthful, music-like, its way
Found to the hearts of men; your brow—
A mirror on which all could read'ly read
What on it written stood, and found to read
But only noblest thoughts of German stock.
Oh, Max, why did you die before myself!
To me it is as if you carried with you
Whate'er there was that could my heart delight.
The world that now surrounds me, changed is,
You were the last of German knights still left,
The last man—
[*Perceives Franz von Sickingen approaching.*]
Yet not so! For what complain!
There comes another like to him! A man
As Max was, and by him beloved, held dear
As much as me! God bless you, gallant Franz!

SCENE II.—RENNER; FRANZ.

Franz. God bless you, noble friend! It ever was
You know, a feast to me to see your face.
Ren. Indeed our friendship is not of fresh date,
And has not in the course of time grown grey.
'Tis good that you are there! You're punctual, Franz,
And yet impatiently the Emperor
Awaits you.
Franz. Will you announce me to him?
Ren. Some business matters I was first to settle.
Franz. If Charles with me has business, he could
No more agreeable agent have selected.
I thank him for the choice.
Ren. And so 'twas meant
By Charles. Yourself and me his purpose was
To join. It is not business only,—no!
High *favor* is to be bestowed on you
And that is why the Emp'ror picked out me,
The heirloom old, by Maximilian left,
From all his council gathered there at Worms,
Acquainted with the friendship that us binds.
For, as he knew a joy to me 'twould be
To be the messenger of your distinction,
He also thinks that all the gladder you
Would take it at mine own than other's hands.
Franz. Oh! lo, an expert in the knowledge
Of human nature seems the younker!
Ren. Indeed; above all gracious unto you!
Sir Franz, the Emp'ror wished with you and you with him
To speak during this Reichstag held at Worms.
But having heard about the olden feud
That once raged hot between yourself and Worms,
The Emp'ror was of mind it might, perhaps,
For many reasons inconvenience you
Were he to invite you to your en'mies' town;
And, therefore, did he, Franz, for your sake change
His quarters to this burg for a few days,
And gave you here his rendezvous. For no
Elector, think I, he'd have done as much!
Franz. Such tender thoughtfulness does please me. Tho'
The feud I've long forgotten, and, I hope,
No less the Wormsers have their hatred,
Yet must I thankfully th' intention note.
Now, to the point! What does not Emp'ror wish
From Sickingen?
Ren. Sir, to the point!
As you well know, the loan has fallen due
Of twenty thousand guilders gold, that you
Advanced the Emperor. But in his purse
The ebb as low is as is high the tide
Within his heart for you. He cannot pay.
The armament 'gainst Francis, the election—
Have thus our bags exhausted
That th' only *ground* we clearly see,
And which affects th' Imperial Councilors,
A *ground*, though bodiless, yet tangible,
That, like a shadow is hollow and void, and yet
Is hard unto the touch even if not
Felt after—*the bottom of the bag!*
And further armaments, and larger, will
'Gainst Francis soon be imperative to us.
The Emp'ror, therefore, prays you to extend
The loan. A few years more and he will pay.
Franz. My worthy friend—
Ren. No, listen to the end;
I well know what you have to say, Sir Franz.
Believe me—Imperial Councilors are so
Accustomed with impatient creditors
To deal, that we are able, in advance,
By heart, upon our fingers' ends, the grounds
To enumerate that we quite patiently
Must every creditor allow to dish
Up ever and anew before us.
It is now *forty* years I have borrowed!
Since I in Maximilian's service came,
To borrow was my part. What could you, then,
You inexperienced friend, say new to me?
But jokes apart! The Emp'ror knoweth well
That it must cost you sacrifices to
Comply. The sum is large. And never yet
Was gold so tight and scarce as now,
Now everyone is in the bankers' hands,
They are the true kings in these days!
It looks as if a mammoth suction gear
At Augsburg has been set at work, the which
Its tentacles around the land has strung,
And all the gold afloat pumps into its chests!
Aye, if the bankers, at the time, had not
Accepted Charles' note, and that of Francis
Returned protested, and with scorn to boot—
Who knows upon whose head th' imperial crown
Would rest to-day.—Oh, never Charles forgets
How you, the usurers to bend his way,
Yourself did pawn yourself to them!
Franz. Oh, mention not the matter.
Ren. Allow me that I touch it.
And just because of you but only great
Things are expected, pray lag not behind
Yourself, this time refusing to comply.
And Charles submits a double guarantee—
He will the sum on land and upon men
By letters patent formally secure
To you upon such terms that, if default
Is made, your profit will be great.
And if you should prefer it, Margaret
Of Parma all her jewels offers you
In pawn, with promise—
Franz. No more, I pray you, Sir!
You offer *me* the noble lady's jewels
The diadem of th' Emp'ror's cousin I
Shall in my coffer take in pawn? How long,
Hans Renner, can it be since we have met,
And what report the good name of Franciscus
Could to you so have slandered that to me
You such an offer make? You misconstrued
My meaning, Sir, when at the start
You interrupted me. No, Sir, at your
First words my mind was firmly made up.
The habits of your office, filled so long,
With false presumptions have deceived you.
So, then, you may your Charles in my name tell;
When he with greedy traders, Jews, or with
The *Princes* of our realm has dealings, then
May he of pawning jewels and estates
Hold parlance—but may God forfend a knight
His duty to his Emperor and Lord
Should so far misapprize, and himself hold
So slight as from his own Imperial Lord,
Who 'gainst the realm's foes seeks himself to arm,
A pledge to take or negotiate for one,
Expecting of his lands to cheat him.
The loan is granted, and still more
If you should need and I should able be to raise.
Yourself the day of payment fix; but naught
Of jewels or estates. Th' Imperial word
Is quite enough for me.
Ren. [*To himself.*] A creditor unique! Upon my soul,
Now, after forty years' experience, do
I for the first time meet a novel case!
[*To Franz.*] You are, as ever, knighthood's flower
And mirror! Yes, admitted frankly,
Ashamed am I, I followed the routine,
And sought to handle you with such a standard.
Upon the worn-out tracks of dull experience,
One almost does forget that something else
Exists which on life's broad highways
Is not experienced! Hence the folly
Of the wise yet childish errors in the brains
Of those grey heads that dull have grown
In cleverness.—I had some other things
To deal about with you, but first, I must
Th' Imperial horn of favor on your head,
Franciscus, empty. Know, drawn up lies,
Imprinted with th' Imperial great seal, ready,
The bright diploma that yourself and stock
For ever to the rank of Count does raise
In our German realm.
[*Stepping back and bowing.*]
Imperial Count of Sickingen!
The *first* am I to greet you by the name;
And 'tis but only the first rung, the Emp'ror
Has ordered me to announce, which you now mount
Upon the ladder of his favor.
Franz. [*Smiling.*] Then, surely, dear friend, I mount not high,
For the "first rung," as you have called it,
Remains to me *unmountable.*
Ren. How? What?
I fail to grasp your meaning.
Franz. Yet 'tis plain!
I must the favor—
Ren. [*Anxiously.*] You mean not to—?
Franz. *Decline*, my friend.
[*Renner steps back stupefied.*]
I am a simple knight;
I'm *Franz*—now see—I mean the same to be!
Ren. [*In great excitement.*]
I pray you, do you joke? And why should you
So great a favor scornfully reject?
Franz. [*Seriously and deliberately.*]
I've told you why. If you with care reflect,
There lay, in short words, ample sense. My friend,
Myself my little have I framed together!
My title is my *name*, my dear Sir!
Throughout the realm, Franciscus am I called.
The name is common to good many more,
And yet but *one* is ever by it meant.
[*Slightly ironical.*]
Dull mankind learneth hard! Should we its mem'ry,
That organ so resistful, titles new
Inflict upon, that never in its ear
Can sound as well as th' old sounds known before?
Please tell your Charles I'm not inclined to turn
Men into school-boys, and compel them
To learn anew.
Ren. By heaven, no! You may
Not this time listen to your stubborn pride.
Consider his proud mind! So grave an insult!
Decline the gift? Reflect what you're about!
You *must* not, I insist—recall the word!
Franz, .[*With dignity.*] As this our solid earth's gigantic pile,
Unshakable does stand Franciscus' word!
[*Milder*]. My friend, look not so imploringly at me!
It is not merely pride that makes me speak.
Why mention to you all my reasons? Look,
When in the breeze my banner waves, a crowd
Of Counts of our Empire fall in line—
Not one more if I'm made a Count myself,
But many less from knighthood's sturdy ranks.
And also in other ways it hurtful would
Affect me—a *runner after titles* folks
Would dub me, bent on own promotion,
Unneeded, bootless to the common weal.
No, new distinctions I shall ne'er assume

Continued on Second Page.

Franz von Sickingen

Continued from First Page.

But such as may increase my aptitude
To work out greater weal for this our realm!
Ren. I know you well—the North pole's mound of ice
Is easier far to melt with one's own breath
Than change your will!—But what am I to tell
The Emp'ror is your reason for declining?
Franz. Tell him the offer I reject—and if
He will, himself the reason I shall give.
Ren. Strange man! Be 't so! But now, I hope, at least
More pliant to the Emp'ror's will you'll prove
Upon the next, last head—the Emp'ror has
Appointed you his marshal in the field,
Also his chamberlain and councilor.
A life-guard, two score strong of cuirassiers,
At his expense is yours. Another man
Than you the news would be imparted as
High favor. Yet, with you, who, when he gives,
Is soft as wax, but, when receiving hard
As adamant another course must stead.
I therefore, Franz, announce it straight to you—
'Twill please the Emperor if you accept.
He greatly needs your services, and counts
Upon your military skill and strength.
Accept, I pray, for when you take you give!
Franz. One thing is office, rank another thing.
For office spelleth "duty;" contrary
From rank, it flows not from and to oneself.
The crown itself, that now the Emp'ror wears,
An office 'tis! Whene'er the people speak
Of th' office of a Prince or Emperor,
In mind they have the mighty mission of
The people's shepherd; other thoughts their minds
Possess when princely rank is on their tongue,
The men, who steeped vainglory, puff up
Themselves forgetful of the aim and root
Of their existence. Yes, a field-marshal
When 'gainst his own foes and the realm's
The Emperor would use me, yes—
That office I accept.
But not, therefore, am I to all work bound—
I, first of all, stand by the men who stood
By us—our friends and allies whom I'm bound to.
Ren. What clauses, and as many as you please
You're free to make! It is enough that you
Accept! But now, I pray you, Franz—
I now proceed to announce you to the Emp'ror—
With a petition charge my errand!
You granted have what of you was requested,
And have rejected what was offered.
Believe me, *that* he ill can bear. It is
A thorn pressed in his proud Imperial soul.—
It almost looks like an exchange—yet, Franz,
I pray you, if but for my sake alone—
To soften what is harsh in my report—
Petition aught!
Franz. Well, then! The Emperor
Is angered at th' Elector Palatine.
If I not err, a thunder storm now threats
To break upon th' Elector's head. He is
My liege-lord, and since olden days has been
A friend and good to me, as I to him.
You may, then, tell the Emperor, if on
Franciscus grace he would confer, he please
His anger, whether just it be or not,
With pardon's tender hand to strangle.
Ren. You play with words,, my friend! I gladly shall
To th' Emperor your wishes carry. But
That is not a request, as I had meant.
Instead of for yourself, for others you
Entreat, as though you wished thereby to prove
Yourself naught needed, and too high you stood
For Charles's grace to climb the stairs of
The throne on which, in self-sufficient and
Ecstatic majesty, you sit! Franz, wound
Not th' Emp'ror! Could you, were you in his place,
Afford to use that subject, who for you
No use, himself can find?
Franz. Perhaps you err.
Perhaps from th' Emperor himself so much—
So very much I have to ask, that 'tis
But wisdom if my credit's weight I will
Not weaken, since, may be, the simple pound
Of his Imperial favor, thrown at once
Into the scale, may not be heavy enough
To lift the weight of the petition that
I bring. So far, you questioned me. Now let
Me, changing our rôles, a question put
To you. What Charles with me did want—I now
Informed am on; what I with him—as yet
Not one word did you utter. Tell me, how
Did he the contents of my letters take?
How stand things with this Reichstag's great affair?
Ren. Mean you Luther?
It may be many weeks before the schism
At all can come up for discussion.
Till then it will be in the pow'r of none
To learn what in his mind he harbors.
One time it seems like this, and then like that,
And ever it but *seems*. The grave is not
So locked as is his breast. You sooner could
Unlock in Nature's breast her thoughts most hidden
Than from him learn the deed before 'tis done.
But, now, allow that I announce you.—Look
Who's that approaching? Lo! th' Electors two
Of Treves and Palatine, besides the landgrave
Philip of Hessen!
[*The three named personages enter.*]

SCENE III.—*Former;* ELECTORS LUDWIG *of the Palatinate and* ARCHBISHOP RICHARD *of Treves; the* LANDGRAVE PHILIP *of Hessen.*

Ren [*Advancing towards them and bowing.*]
I welcome you, my noble Sirs!—At your
Command!—
Arch. Our horses hither.
Sir Council, carried us from Worms, because
We matters of importance have to treat
With th' Emp'ror.
[*To Ludwig.*] Better than elsewhere,
Sir Palatine, we here can manage your
Affair. The Legate, warm friend of my youth,
The only one who yet has influence
With Charles, and here sojourns with him, himself
Advised this step to me, and promise gave
To second my endeavors.
Ren. Your graces!
My orders, true enough, are none to announce,
Seeing his Majesty on matters of
Importance rendezvoused the knight. And yet,
I may not, in the presence of such Princes,
Too close adhere unto the letter of
My orders.—
[*Bows and withdraws into the imperial cabinet.*]

SCENE IV.—*The same, without* RENNER.

Franz. [*Takes a step towards the Count Palatine and bows.*]
Franciscus greets your grace, and he rejoices
With a full heart to see you look so well.
Lud. [*Taking a step towards Franz and shaking his hand.*]
God with you, Franz! How goes it in your house?
How does your pretty daughter? Often
The promise made you and again to send her
To Heidelberg, to visit my wife's court.
[*While they continue to converse with each other.*]
Arch. [*To Landgrave Philip.*]
Behold! We meet here both the Kaisers—
Both Charles—and yonder Kaiser by the grace
Of popularity, of mass-applause—
The German intellectual Kaiser.
Who knows, of them two, which it is that will
The other turn to a man of straw. Behold
The favor that th' Elector stands in with him;
We almost might our trouble save with Charles,
Since he's so graciously receivèd here!
You saw't yourself—his greeting was alone
For him, while not a nod he deemed us worth.
Phil. Prefer it so. It would have gone against
My grain a greeting to return to him.
Arch. I readily believe you. Odd must be
The itching in your grace's skin as oft
As you behold a knight, who, like him—
So wholly has you in his pocket.
Phil. [*Angrily.*] His pocket? Me? What have you in mind?
Arch. The obligation is upon my mind,
Which he—when at the gay and sportive hunt,
That, meaning but his guns to keep in practice,
Took place against your Darmstart—won from you.
Phil. You're scoffing, Sir—
Arch. Who scoffs, Sir Philip, pray?
And if I scoff, God knows, I scoff as much
At me as at your grace's self!—
Quite serious;—has it e'er been seen before
A simple knight a Prince to so toss on
His horns as he did you? Of you what would
Have been if, for the Baden's margrave's sake
He had not been content to leave you but
Half plucked? And have you calculated, Sir,
How soon the moon and sunshine in your states
Would constitute their only earthly wealth,
Were he to call the promissory note
With which you forcèd were to purchase peace?
Phil. Your purpose is to sting me;—as you're well
Aware, the obligation was pronounced
By Emp'ror Max invalid.
Arch. But I've heard
That in advance the instrument provides
That all objections you renounce, that rest
Upon the Emp'ror, or the Reichstag's vote.
Thus Max's fiat is of no avail
If Franz, as lately I informed have been,
Eventually means payment to demand.
Phil. All one! I stand upon the Emp'ror's verdict.
My sword—
Arch. Is still the same as 'twas before;
But otherwise it is with Franz's sword!
Comparèd with to-day, his power then
Could slight be called. Indeed, your grace, it shoots
Gigantically up, a pois'nous tree,
And soon its shadow will have swallowed all of us!
Phil. And be it so! But do you think it likely
The Emp'ror could the debt of his ances—
Arch. Speak you of th' Emp'ror Charles? Go to, Sir Philip!
Have *you*, perchance, been able to scent out
The plans of Charles? And do you think the proud
Young man, the autocratic Lord of Spain,
Delights so much at our power and [illegible]
Free hand? Therein the very danger lies
That threatens us—Charles and Franciscus!
Behold two cards that never should have been
Found jointly in the game of the same Age!
Each supplements the other, and can turn
Its prop to mightiest acts! It all depends
Upon the manner accident the two
Together shuffles. Sir, we may expect—
If profit-lured—to see, as yet may be,
Instead of each the other trumping, each
As high as heaven raise the other.

SCENE V.—RENNER *stepping in from the Imperial cabinet; the others.*

Ren. My noble Princes, please you pardon me!
His Majesty Imperial can not hear you now;
He to the castle summoned Franz, the knight.
The Emperor expects in two more days
To be at leisure and to listen
To you at Worms. He is approaching.
[*After making this announcement, at the first words of which Ludwig, breaking off his conversation with Franz, returns to the other Princes, Renner steps to the opposite side of stage towards Franz.*]
Arch. [*With jeering and triumphant mien to the two Princes, who, visibly astonished at Renner's announcement, step back.*]
Pray, tell me, do you notice aught?
[*He continues to converse with them in a low voice. The personages are now so grouped that, at one side of the stage, Franz and Renner, on the other, the three Princes are together.*]
Ren. [*To Franz.*] Franciscus!
With greater grace than I had feared did Charles
Receive our dialogue's report.
[*Continues in a low voice.*]
Phil. Indeed, it is unheard-of! Thus three Princes,
Among them two Electors, to dismiss
For but a knight!
Lud. It is an odd thing—
It cannot be denied.
Arch. Keep cool! This is
But the beginning! Mark my words, the knight
Eventually will ask us all the price
Of our Elect'ral hats.
Lud. You hate him for
He is not Romish, but of Luther a
Supporter.
Arch. [*Pointing to Philip.*]
This Prince also is friend
Of Luther, yet not therefore blind! Nor you,
Your grace, although on purpose you may choose
To shut your eyes. Have you forgotten how
At Aachen, at the coronation, Charles
The knight before th' assembled Princes placed
Upon his right?
[*They continue in a low voice.*]
Ren. [*To Franz.*] The Emp'ror graciously
Received your prayer for th' Elector,
And for your sake has he consented.
Shall I not now the Palatine inform
What he owes you?
Franz. Pray, do not so! It might
His self-esteem offend—a thing I would avoid.
[*Glancing at the group of Princes.*]
Besides, I see quite clearly Romish thorns
Now busy at work, to stir up petty sores.
Arch. Say what may please you! If your liege-lord yonder—
Excuse me, liege-man should I say. 'Tis thus
That words are readily misprised—almost
As readily as rôles, and who could tell
What time may bring!—Tho', then, I meant to say,
Your present liege-man with such grace just now
Receivèd you, yet am I not, for that,
So fascinated by his graciousness
To fail to feel as insult done to me
The slap bestowed, for his sake, on my cheek.
Lud. [*Meditatively.*]
You're partly right in many a thing you say.
Arch. I mean also the other half to unfold
Quite fully to your eyes. But now we must
Withdraw. It ill would us befit to wait
Till Charles's archèd eye-brows bid us off
The hall. You, noble Sirs, pray come. Perhaps
I may be able to impart to you
Some information that yourselves may judge
Whether it does or not illuminate
My words, and what yourselves have here seen.
[*While they withdraw, the cabinet opens and the Emperor enters. At the appearance of the Emperor, Renner also withdraws slowly. Franz bows low, and remains in that posture.*]

SCENE VI.—CHARLES *and* FRANZ.

Emp. [*At the age of 21; he is dressed in rigid black; his bearing and appearance dignified and measured. He contemplates Franz long and attentively.*]
You're welcome to me, Franz!
Franz. [*Retaining his posture.*] Imperial Majesty!
Emp. Approach!
[*Franz rises and takes a step towards Charles.*]
I'm pleasèd with you Franz—
And also not. Indeed, I'm almost wroth!
Although I'll readily admit the fact
That none as yet has reason given me
For such a wrath.
Franz. Imperial Majesty!
Emp. Franciscus, tell me frankly why
The profered countship you decline?
Franz. Your Majesty—
Emp. I asked you, why?
Speak freely!
Franz. Well, few words will say it all—
A free man, independent, have I served
You; free and independent would I serve you still!
Emp. [*To himself.*] He's proud, by God!
[*Aloud.*] Aye, that was short and sharp.
Perhaps—too sharp, Franciscus!
Franz. Sire!
Of courtiers your supply is ample. When
Franciscus you interrogate, meseems
'Tis truth you wish to learn. Whenever you
Francsicus question, pray do not expect—
Emp. The siren voice of flattery? Be 't so!
In that you' re right, and meet my wishes well
Not in the *same* way may be served by *all*
He who well served would be.—But this your free
And independent service, as you called
It—
Franz. [*With warmth.*] Is but all the more devoted, Sire,
It is but all the more unmeasurèd!
The service that is paid for has its bounds,
But boundless is disinterestedness!
Emp. [*Sympathetically looking upon Franz, and with emphasis.*]
You're right—
[*After a pause.*] And yet, Sir Sickingen,
It ill becomes the Emperor that he
Your debtor should remain—and such I still
Am since th' election; I deny it not.
Franz. Imperial Lord! Th' Elector Palatine
For my sake you have pardoned—richly with
Such act the slight account now cancelled stands.
Emp. No, Franz! Feign not. You do not so believe.
Too well you know your own acts' heavy worth;
And neither I believe so! Keeping faith
With friendship and with faithful service done,
You have the occasion been for me my wrath
To allay; thus have you in virtue's path—
Which is, above all others, Princes' path—
Confirmed me more—besides a new friend in
The Palatine returned to me. You have
Thus doubly and anew deservèd well
Of me. Therefore petition aught, Sir knight,
In order that your Emp'ror's debt may shine
On you. Or do you deem me much too poor
To give you aught?
Franz. [*With warmth.*] You poor, whose hand within
Its hollow holds the world's, and this land's fate?
May God forbid that I with you, my Emp'ror,
Should play the proud!—If in his grace divine
Th' Almighty left you a prayer free, would you
On this or that the costly favor waste,
On what at man's hand is received with thanks?
You, sooner, striving for an instant's share
Of His omnipotence, to that your hand
Would stretch, that the Creator's full-might needs
For its accomplishment! That is my case,
Exalted Sire! Th' election you have mentioned—
Fulfill the reasons why upon your youthful
Head Germany the diadem of Christendom
Did place—the richest man of all alive
The poorest of your servants then you've turned.
Emp. It seemeth the conditions never end.
In this your land determining the choice
For Emperor!—And yet from you I fain would learn
Upon what grounds your choice upon me fell.
Franz. *Three* were the reasons, Sire, and yet but one—
The first, because you Max's grandson are,—
This vouched to us your German mind. The second,
Because you are the King of Spain,—a guarantee
That you would never lack for strength
Against the Princes' anarchism
The realm's integrity to safeguard.
The third, 'tis this, because a youth you are,—
It was an earnest that you were not yet
In musty custom's jog-trot hardened, that
You were not fettered in the bonds of bigotry,
That free, your young heart movèd by and open to
The Spirit of the Age, the vassalage would spurn
That Roman priestcraft would impose upon
The masters of the world.
When I upon you look and con the signs
That cluster thick around you—
So young and yet the world's throne called to fill;
A peerless age, at which the highest aims
To greater still the thirst for action drives;
Three kingdoms holding in a single hand,
And thus from birth's first instant armèd with
A weapon such as heaven's rare grace
Bestows on man but only once a thousand years—
I have no doubt you are the chosen one,
Like a Messiah to rejuvenate
The fate of this our earth and realm's fair life,
And start them both upon a new career.
[*Steps back bowing.*]
This Reichstag, Sire, will expectation test—
If you the instrument of heaven know
To use, and also heaven's task fulfill!
Emp. You speak of Luther, Franz! 'Tis there that
I stood awaiting you. You not conceal
The interest you take in this monk's cause.
With letters oft you have beseigèd me,
And calumny itself at work has been
Your zealous heart before me to besmirch.
I have been told—they thought to make me think—
That out of love for Luther—fearing
I might the pass break which I promised him
To this Reichstag—you posted here in
The neighborhood of Worms five hundred knights,
And mounted men hold ready at friendly burgs,
Intending him to free with force of arms,
If need there be!—You see how little faith
To the report I lend when now yourself
I ask that you the lie may give to it—
Your answer I'll consider proof enough.
Franz. And so you may, Sire! Never lie will cross
Franciscus' lips. The sland'rers tongues—for that
They are in spite of all—have this
Once told you naught but what is true.
Emp. [*To himself.*] By God, quite bold!
[*Aloud and with severity.*] How dare you, Sickingen.
So open in my face rebellious acts
Admit to me, and dreading not my wrath?
Franz. No, Sire! The undeserved I never dread.
For your fame's sake, and for the nation's cause
Would I have acted—if to act was need.
One Constance is enough for Germany.
'Not wrath should be my due from you but thanks,
If I from grave transgression kept you free.
And though the rashness of your youthful wrath
Struck me, 'twere better I with wrath were struck
Than with compunction you! Your Emp'ror's word
You Luther gave. Such is the majesty,
That word's effect and force, that straight to law
'Tis raised, a law that bindeth all, and all
Are called to uphold, aye, e'en against *yourself*.
Your word, that is at stake—but not its breach!
Emp. [*To himself.*] Of th' olden generation, now died out,
Of German heroes that the legends tell,
A last descendant stands before me.
[*To Franz.*] Sith with such frankness you yourself admit
The contemplation of the risky scheme
Some more confessions you may have to make.
In Worms, at all the corners of the streets
A bill was found, that, posted over night,
Was fillèd with encouragement to Luther,
And threats, if violence was done him. The
Placards with fearful admonitions closed,
Repeating thrice the word: "*Bundschuh! Bundschuh!*"
The shocking symbol of the peasant riots!
Is't possible my noblemen could so
Forget themselves as e'en against the realm's
Peace common cause with peasants vile to make?
Did that from you proceed? I wish to know. Speak out!
Franz. Imperial Majesty!—
Emp. [*Abruptly interrupting.*] No, silence! Not a word, Sir knight!
A dang'rous thing, I see, it is to question you.
I more might learn than profitable 'tis to know.
'Tis better, for myself and you I hear naught!
I wish no more to know, Sir knight.—no more on that!
[*After a pause.*]
I see it, Franz, the common measure that
We others measure with, is not for you.
To you, what to none other, pardoned is.
I am not wroth at what you just have said,
Yet odd it is that you—a warrior bold,
Whom else the wranglings of the priests concerns
But slight, should so absorbed be in this monk.
Your mind, I thought, for greatness only thirsts.
Franz. And for my country's greatness thirsteth he!
Emp. And is it with this monk identified?
Franz. So fully that whoever, through impluse and
Through manly duty, as well as by profession serves
The one, compellèd is the other too to serve.
Emp. And even if it were—you truly, think
Against the Church's sacred ordinance,
From God derived, my mind to turn away?
Franz. My Emperor!
With such an answer do I credit you
As little as for mine you gave me credit.
The truth I said to you—to me speak truly too.
[*Charles makes a motion of astonishment.*]
Exalted Sire!
Your sight is clear! The band of blindness can
Before your eyes no priestly artifice
Draw tight. If here in Europe livèd but
One foe unto the Pope, that deadly foe
Is you. By office and by birth you are
His foe. Hereditary is the feud
Adown your lineage long descent
Between the two. And when with glory and fame
Your ancestors in office bore your staff,
As heavy, heavier yet than kin or blood
They weigh. Upon your young head loudly cries
A heritage of vengeance—five hundred years old.
Remember our Henry's fate, whose heart
Broke at Canossa when the knee he bent;
Remember Barbarossa's life heroic,
To long protected struggles given o'er,
In vain the foot-kiss shame to blot away;
Recall that wonderfully brilliant form
Of Frederick the Second, against whom
His own sons Rome set up—thus *parricide*
Approving, if but the Emperor was struck!
So long as Popes there were and Emperors,
Each in the other's red blood wrote, and with
His sharpest weapons drew the record fell.
Around you hover, palpitating,
The spirits of your ancestors; to you
Their hands imploringly they raise, and cry
Oh, happy one!
Emp. [*Interrupting and deeply moved.*]
I pray you stop! Your zeal is carrying you away!
Franz. [*Continues passionately.*]
You, chosen one, the bearer of our sword,
In your hands heaven has the power placed
From this land's flesh the galling thorn to draw,
The martyr's stake, at which we all of us
Have bled and with us, aye, our bleeding race,
In vain and prolonged torture writhing!
You, you can now the deed accomplish! *You*
The weapon swing, the mighty queller wield!
Betray not our eyes, with sorrow broken—
Oh, trample under foot the priest, against
Whom all of us, all peoples' history,
At your side stand as bleeding witnesses—
Forsooth—if you could peace make with the Pope,
Yourself you from the Imperial lineage strike,
And consecrate your stock to our nation's curse!
Emp. [*Interrupting as above.*]
Again I pray you, moderate your zeal!
You almost carry me away—yet may
Not passion rule in such supreme affairs.
You are aflame, your voice—

Continued on Third Page.

Franz von Sickingen

Continued from Second Page.

Franz. Blares like the trumpet
Which is to announce the judgment of all time.
Its sound-wave surgeth, seetheth with the clash
Of the future and the past, loudly beating
Against the dull-deaf ear of the present.
—And if it possible could be, if such
A line of heroes could not move you,
Think of your blood, of Max, your ancestor,
Whose life having out-lived six Popes',
The well-known cry of pain still rounded up:
And e'en the last one also cheated me!
Think of yourself, whose very first step stumped
Upon that heaped-up papal enmity,
That, meddling, hell and heaven stirred to thwart
Your candidacy, unable to believe
You could for Rome's equerry have been born.
Emp. If e'er the Pope, presumptuous, stretch his hand
After my crown's rights temporal—believe me,
We shall not lack for either *shield* or *sword*.
Another thing it is within the realm of faith
Against the Church's rule an impious hand to raise.
Franz. Sire! Equal false are both these principles;
And equal dangerous are both to you!
Supremacy in human *conscience's* realm—
Behold th' insidious, poisoned weapon which,
Triumphant in their struggle 'against th' Empire,
The Gregorys and Innocents have wielded.
Can, truly, such partition satsify you?
In man's frame-work the body's subject to
The soul: a *corpse* the soulless body turns.
To you such portion gladly they award
While confidently holding it with firm
And sure grip by the fetters of the soul!
So that, when you in struggle's stress rely
Most confident upon your scepter's might,
At one stroke magic, through a thousand threads
To all the limbs communicated, lo!
The re-awakened corpse against you's flung,
Your people they against your might array!
A *phantom-king* upon your throne you sit,
So long the curia of Rome in its hand holds
The seal upon your people's conscience!
Emp. And all this is by Luther to be changed?
That Augustinian friar, obscure man,
Whom you yourself in fear stand, I may
With one stroke of my pen annihilate?
Franz. You err, my Emperor! Learn first this monk
To know. On his tongue dwells the Nation's soul;
From his eyes flash the burning sparks of Light;
Upon his brow, broad as eternity,
Thought's might and puissant lightning quiv'ring glows;
And when he speaks the people's heart is stirred
As when the lap of earth the Spring awakes,
As birth the laden, pregnant woman's womb
With new life's warm presentiment delights!
Of *mind* the mighty ruler he stands forth,
His mission's truthfulness attesting.
Suppress—him, Sire? 'Tis likelier far the monk
May write yourself from crown—and realm to boot!
Ripe are my people, hanging from his lips,
No Prince so mighty him to annihilate.
Emp. You mean—
Franz. Oh, yield not to the Princely illusion,
The old, forever on its heels returning.
You hasten may—to hinder you can not;
To shape you can—but not to dissipate.
You can not turn awry, delay th' inevitable,
That with the throb of life strains to unfold
Itself! The birth that's hard, before its time
The wise physician's bold cut may set free—
Caesarian cut coincidence the section names.
But when the hour strikes, the ninth month's peal,
Not all the power of earth, in one hand lumped,
Can close the mother's womb, or could prevent
Her, on the point of birth, to be delivered!
The pressure of the ripening, throbbing fruit
Its palings bursts;—aye, *dead* leaps into light
The life itself that we would backward thrust.
Emp. If so it be—what seek you, then, with me?
Why do you still in need stand of my aid?
Franz. To *shape*, I said, it lay with you. Whole worlds
Within the magic circle of that word
Lie locked. Time runs its course; howe'er, its course
Is otherwise *with* you—and otherwise
Against. Woe if against yourself it be!
Till now I mentioned to you only Rome;
But almost graver dangers are abroad:—
—Would you have Luther in the Princes' hands
To fall? Yourself the lever furnish them
That from their forlorn tackle now redeems
The Nation's unit and emp'rorship?
In *your* hands Luther is an instrument
Divine the greatness of the land to raise;
In *theirs* to smite the land in ruins with!
Oh, do not cast away the Papal rich
Inheritance!—Dissolved, if hands you join
With Luther, are the abbeys, bishoprics—
To you, the realm, these livings all revert.
With th' increased power in your hands, away
Will melt to former insignificance
The Princes' arrogant pretentiousness
That now your throne o'ershadows. Of the base
Abuse of power—by the dint of which
The' Imperial mandate and their office they
To *property* have changed, thus theft committing
Upon the majesty of th' Emp'ror and
The realm—the hour at last would have arrived
When ancient Wrong is solved into Right,
And once again to its rightful owner come
The thievings done by the dishonest stewards.
—Aloft borne by the people, who, rejoicing,
Surround you as a God who spoke the word
Creative—then *all-powerful* you are;
A greater Charles the Great, you rear anew
This realm's old splendor, one-time unity.
Again over this land's domains would then
The Emp'ror's hand sway free; to vassals back
The rankly grown will reconverted be;
Then only will you *be* what now you *seem*—
An *Emperor*—and thanks to Luther's hand.
Emp. [*Abruptly breaking in with involuntary interest.*]
And why did he not go to th' Ebernberg,
Whither at my request you invited him
To meet with Glapio, my confessor, and
With him confer? Upon your letters, you
To please, I fell in with the plan. To my
Word true, I sent you Glapio—but in vain
For Luther did he wait. Why came he not? Speak!
Franz. [*With fire.*] Oh, Sire! With Truth there's no compounding!
As well compound with th' overtopping fiery pillar
That marched before the hosts of Israel;
As well compound with th' arrowy mountain stream
That, certain of its course, is dashing on!
I wrote to him; invited him to come.
But that ambassador of God recoils
Before *one* fear only—
His enemies he fears not, he fears
His friends alone, who, in love's timid cares,
The weakness crouching in the hearts of all
Might in his own awaken, and abate
His zeal for that which in his soul his mind has writ.
With slackened reins, he wrote, his impulse drives
Him on his enemies to rush headlong.
Before th' assembled realm and th' Emperor,
He boldly would and frank the solemn Truth confess.
Emp. [*After taking a few steps up and down the room and then pausing, deliberately.*]
You see the man can not be treated with—
And I shall *blindly* yield myself to him?
Shall, as the tail a comet follows, this
New doctrine follow on its trackless path?
Are we a gambler that upon the *unknown*
Stakes all for all?—No more, no more of that!
And other reasons—for a minute's time
Back-driven by your stormy, headlong speech—
Regain once more—like unto a tree, that, once
The storm that bent it's o'er, re-rears its head—
Their proper mastery resume:
—You spoke of *greatness*. Is there none but that
Which you pursue? *Three* crowns you said this hand
Combines—and a new world, beyond the seas,
Is rising promiseful beneath my scepter.
The claim, of old made by th' Imperial crown,
The throne of *Christendom*, it seems is near
Reality. Yet, as throughout the Universe
But *one* thought runs, the force invisible
Of but *one* Church it is that holds the whole
Together and cements its sev'ral parts!
One faith the title is of that old claim.
One faith joins all the peoples of my realm,
Whom language, customs, laws, keep far apart.
The Universe's law can but the symbol be
Of the *one* Church, that in its di'mond head,
The high Vice-regency of Christ, is bound.
One Pope, *one* Emperor.—The two e'en when
At war with one another, yet so mutually
Dependent on each other as the soul and body!
The Roman crown Imperial, what, without
That, would it be? At one fell plunge it would
Have sunk to a mere *territorial princedom*.
—You say that Luther's doctrine is acclaimed
By Germany; yet not of this land only
Am th' Emp'ror I. And can you at all imagine
Your bleak conceit—which the ideal of
A living incarnation robs us of—
Could also charm the Spanish people, or
The people of Neapel? And shall I
With my own hand the bond of unity
Destroy that winds itself around my realms?
Turn my priest-loving southern souls, my own
Hereditary lands, in hate from me?
Endanger what my own is now; and I
Myself the proud traditions cast away
Of universal rule that cluster 'round my crown?
Franz. [*With fire.*] Oh, seek not, at the price of liberty
Or of the mind, the greatness that must slip
Your hand. The architect who on the mind
Of man would rear his dome, must from the mind
Itself carve his material, lest like boys
He acts, who in the sand for flitting hours
Their figures draw! These fancy-lines are swept
Away, dissolved by the first swell that springs
Up from the masses, and that dashes on
Your dreams. The Universal Empire draws
You on? If, strong in unity, our land
Inspired would acclaim you, then your dream
Would crystallize. 'Tis not for Spain—'tis far
Above her strength. Germania has this world
Before now conquered with her sword, and with
Her spirit captured bold. No Pope gave her
The fief. His own high rank the Pope owes to
That Charles, not he unto the Pope. Where is
The sward on this terrestrial globe not fed
Upon Germania's blood? New life for it
We conquered. *Ours*—if anyone's is this
World by the right of sustenance. Through us
Alone what through none other you can do!
So far as Europe's strands extend, they are
By our Germania's stock rejuvenated.
It kept unsullied Europe's heart; and from
That mother's heart the cry again goes up—
The awakening! Stop not to its cry the ear
Of Europe—and the echo will reverberate
Within the peoples' pantheons. Liberty
A seed is that, if wisely nursed in ev'ry land,
Is eas'ly propagated; while the plant
Of slav'ry, raised by artifice, the soil,
That once rejected it, accepts no more!
Oh, sacrifice not unto empty fears
The spring whence flows your greatest strength;
Oh, do not sacrifice your crown of crowns;
Oh, sacrifice not Germany to Naples!
Emp. Enough! The matter has been weighed, decided.
I *can not* as you would! Were I a German,
Were I the Emp'ror of but Germany,
I might, perhaps, feel as you do, and act
Accordingly. But who is free in this
Tumultuous world? Who does alone decide,
Instead of being dictated to imperiously
By his position's iron law? The favor
That I conferred on you you spurned;
One favor, though, I showed to you that none
Alive can boast! I spoke with you as if
Communing with myself. I faithful shall
The favor carry to the end.—Three reasons,
Said you, decided my election;—three
The reasons are preventing that I follow you:
The first, because I am no German; next,
Because of Spain I am the king; and lastly,
Because the crown, that you my crown of crowns
Have named, from stock to stock uncertain travels.
Did I this scepter hold hereditary,
Like that of Spain, and to my own stock could
Bequeathe the mighty German realm, Oh, then,
The matter would another aspect wear.
But any encroachment on the nomad right
Of that election—Franz, you might yourself—
[*Pauses and casts a scrutinizing look at Franz.*]
Franz. [*Deliberately.*] A thrust—against our German freedom deem.
Emp. [*Taking a step back and colder.*]
See you? And with the Princes' time-soaked rights,
With the tenacious force that latent lies
In all abuse, shall I on life and death
To wrestle undertake? To stake on such
A goal my whole life's full endeavors,
And after painful and uneasy nights,
In case I triumphed, such a might-begirted
Crown, such a priceless jewel, in whose splendor
The crowns combined of Europe all would pale,
Shall I to a stranger leave for heritage?
Perchance for a successor of the Saxon stock
Am I such work to achieve? No, Franz, you see,
I've thoroughly revolved it, not now alone,
Though now more carefully than yet before.
Unshaken stands the first resolve I took.
Impossible—by that we must abide.
My word rests on the best considered grounds.
Franz. You speak, I'd say, as one who ripely does reflect,
And then *full consciously*—the *worser* part selects!
Emp. [*Frowning with severity.*]
That word, Sir knight, I'll pardon, but upon
Condition that I hear it nevermore.
Franz. [*Bows silently.*]
Emp. [*After a pause, and kindly.*]
Your dashed hopes embitter you; they make
You fail in justice. Yet I hope that time
To rosier thoughts will bring you back again.
Give up what 'tis impossible to reach.
There are still other aims to strive for than
Your own, and not less worthy of endeavor.
If you but *mine* unto your own wish would
Convert, then, Franz, then, through th' Imperial favor,
As high as none did mount before, could you.
[*Pauses and casts a long penetrating look at Franz, who remains motionless.*]
Till then—you are dismissed, Sir knight!
[*Franz bows low and departs in silence.*]
The man is great—but 'tis not greatness that
I seek, or that of use can be to me.
[*Returns into the cabinet. The scene changes.*]

SCENE VII.—*Cabinet of the Papal Cardinal-Legate, located at another wing in the castle.*

The CARDINAL-LEGATE *and* ELECTOR-ARCHBISHOP RICHARD *enter from a side-room.*

Arch. It happened just as I to you narrated.
Card. 'Tis serious, very serious!—And the issue
Of their discourse, have you an inkling of?
Arch. I left as Charles appeared. But looking back,
I saw Hans Renner also leave the hall.
Also the minister not wanted seemed,
And all alone wished Charles with him to speak.
Card. Odd! Yet whate'er the subject they discussed,
Whate'er the issue may have been—a thorn
The man is us—of Rome a hater, friend
Of Hutten, and protector of Reuchlin.
Arch. And Luther's best support; the soul of the
Nobility, that rallies round his flag,
In whom his hostile temper he instills,
And 'gainst us all to bitter foes has turned.
Card. The thing to do is to extract this thorn.
Arch. Proceed to extract, Sir Cardinal. He will
Quite rudely, bloody too, your fingers prick.
Card. What have you in mind? Pray, speak out plain to me.
I know, when danger once you scented have,
You forthwith plan the way it can be choked.
Arch. There is no lack of planning. Long I've planned.
To-day, somewhat more kind, chance smiled on me.
It is not much, but yet a germ of hope.
But you I'd hear first. Could you not stir
The Emp'ror against Franz?
Card. To *attack* decide
Him 'gainst Franciscus? Quite impossible!
Too deep he stands to Sickingen indebted;
Is yet too young the favor to despise!
And yet—if others could the knight trepan,
Involve him in some wrongful act, I might,
Perhaps—I say *perhaps*, Sir Archbishop—
Induce him quietly to let him drop.
Arch. [*Shrugging his shoulders.*]
If you no further are advanced, then must
We long the threat'ning danger bear! So long,
Perhaps, that the hour may have slipped by
When we the danger might have overcome.
Card. Yourself to a chance's smile alluded but
Just now?
Arch. For what 'tis worth I'll use it free.
You know with what eyes of a just concern
And fear for long most of the Princes look
Upon Franciscus. Unto him, alone
Th' Elector Palatine clung fast. Indeed
Not few the reasons are why he should thankful be
To Franz. Now, then, it was in this that chance
Did favor me to-day. The task was hard;
But finally he yielded to the fear
I conjured up in him, his interest
As Prince as well. We, then, three Princes—I,
The Palatine and Hesse's Philip—made
To-day a compact—
Card. 'Gainst Franciscus?
Arch. 'Tis not so called, but is so meant. In all
Appearance have we an olden treaty but
Renewed, that formerly concluded was
'Twixt Hesse, Treves and the Palatinate;
A treaty of defence that binds us three
Not only to protect the one the other,
But also binds each one no peace to make
Till all the three agree.
Card. [*Significantly.*] I understand the plan.
Arch. Now, this is what I mean. Whatever Franz
May undertake, myself I throw across
His way—the forces of us three along
With mine. The danger thus we may reduce
Before it overtops and overwhelms us.
Card. The news is tall that you report, and big
The fruit may be that from its lap may leap.
Arch. In times as evil as the present, one
As great things trifles oft accepts, esteeming
As actual help what yet is but a ray of hope.
Card. You're right. The times are evil. Never yet
The Church has been so hard pressed, never yet
Such dangers threatened even her palladium
As now they do. That which these days will be
Delivered of, the fruit whose seed's now sown
At large, it threats the downfall of the Church.
Arch. To whom speak you? To one whose hair the course
Of these last years has painted white! That fruit
No longer needs to grow or ripen. No.
It ripened stands in fullest strength. If Luther
Still further inroads should succeed to make;
If swift destruction do not swiftly overtake him—
The Vatican will sink, a heap of ruins!
Card. Is't Luther that such fears fills you with?
Arch. Who else? What other than this demon can
You mean, who these four years with strokes that grow
In boldness has assailed us, the realm
Disturbed, and makes recruits in our own ranks,
In ev'ry class makes friends? Four years, and still
Unpunished goes!
Card. Leave us alone for that!
This Luther perish *shall*. He *shall* and *must*—
But yet the real danger comes not from,
Nor will it die with him.
Arch. Oh, underrate
Him not! Do not yourself deceive. This is
No heresy. This time the problem is
Not a Savonarola or an Arnold
To oppose! The German spirit is in arms
Against us. Luther is its standard bearer
And battles at its head!
Card. I hold him as you do. And yet the danger
Looks not so near to me, as't does to you—
And just for that, perhaps, but all the greater.
Uneasy are you at the uncertainty
Which side the Emperor will take. Also
The leaning towards Luther of the nobles
And many a Prince alarmeth you. The fact
You overlook—our *strength* lies in the *masses'* heart.
Arch. Just there is where he threatens it!
Card. The task is greater than he could encompass.
What took a thousand years to slowly spread,
To entwine itself and one become with man's
Acquired views, his feelings, habits, and
Unconscious does pervade his ev'ry thought—
Think you all that could really succumb
To this new and itself destroying doctrine,
Which Faith on Sense, and Sense on Faith would bank?
Which rests upon the witness of the *mind*,
And yet would bind it to a word that's *dead?*
Which takes a *book* as sent from God, and yet
Will dare the same at will to interpret?
Which *grace* and *scrutiny*, two opposites,
Together jumbles seeking to combine?
Ne'er from a doctrine that to *heaven* looks,
Need her death-blow the Church to apprehend.
So long as men *believe*, they will believe in *us!*
Arch. You trust, then, in the Church's immortality?
Speak ever thus! A hallowed certainty
Your words my mind, with worry worn, infuse.
Card. [*Thoughtfully.*] You used th' expression immortality?
In that word's folds lurk grim Medusa-heads,
That turn to stone whom in the folds would spy.
Arch.—I pray you speak. Express yourself in *full*,
And do not palter in a double sense,
Admitting danger, then denying it.
Card. Do I deny it? Yet's *Luther* not the name!
Its source I spy in quite another spring.
The foe at our very breast lies nestled,
And we, th' Italian Princes of the Church,
We nourish it with our very blood.
Accursed be the Danite gift that us
The Moslem gave! When with the city's fall,
The city of Constantine, the fleeing Greeks
Arrived, transplanting, 'mong us spreading
The ruins of their Arts and Sciences—
That was the evil's start! With baneful fascination seized,
Upon its neck hung, God-intoxicated,
The Bembos, Medicis, the flow'r of all Italy;
The serpent young they suckled into strength;
And from th' eternal laws, with beauty's lines
Instinct, there flowed a sense of *Now* and *Here on Earth*. Of
A nobler mankind vague forebodings streamed
Into the breasts of the believers in *Hereafter*,
At first our handmaid, all the surer us to trick.
From Raphael's Madonnas there peers forth
Old heathendom's superb-divine grimace;
And swellingly a dispensation new
Is preached by Titian's flesh-tints! Out to all
The peoples went the impulse by us given—
In you its sanction finding. Reuchlin's struggles
Revealed at last the impulse new that moved the world.
Around you look! Say, who, of Luther, are the props?
Was't among the friars' ranks this friar's quarrel
Its first breath drew, or found its first support?
The Huttens, Crotuses, Erasmus and Reuchlin—
'Tis they who greet it with a clam'rous joy.
The *Humanists* this great league styles itself,
By its own name its secret letting out.
A new *Evangel of Mankind*—behol!
The kernel hidden in this Proteus that
Belligerent itself against us flings,
With Luther but its first and quickly vanished slough!
And just the pressure of our own resistance
Promotes the sloughing process. Slough is cast off after slough;
It waxes in the transformation; and it stands
There in the fi'ry glow of its own light!
Across the world it cries: "*'Tis I!*" The hearts of men it seizes;
Writes *Here on Earth*, *Fruition* on its banner;
Tears down the heavens; wildly roars through space
And time, each newly spied-out law of Nature,
Each find concealed in musty history,
Into a bolt together welding, hurling
Into the holiest of our creed, and raising
An *Evangel of Man* with resoluteness
Against that of the *Son of Man!*
It then grows hot! Our pinions droop; from us
The peoples then their faces turn away
Towards the newly conquered bride—Reality,
With ardor rushing in her luscious arms.
Before *Fruition's* ruddy sun the dim
Star of *Beyond* grows pale, it fades away, then
Draws nigh the night of our theology!
[*He utters the last lines as if pursuing a vision with his eyes, and then continues with upwards outstretched arms.*]
But no! How wonderful your ways are, Lord!
Athwart the darkness unto light you lead us;
Turn into triumph that which bodes destruction.
Like unto a slave must threat'ning storms themselves
The throne thus forge that safer carries us.
Arch. Your eyes irradiate, and over this
Earth's face your spirit, God-raised, takes its flight.
What lies at hand I clearly see, but to
Your eyes the Future's book lies open wide.
Unveil that which to you the spirit shows.
How can the threat'ning danger bring us victory,
Make safe that which our downfall does portend?
Card. What now gives pain and loads our mind with care
Is our Princes' hostile attitude,
Who, envious of our power and failing to
Perceive the demon, that they unsuspecting nurse,
Array themselves upon our en'mies' side.
And long still will this trying trial last.
But when of time the cycle is complete,
When that fell hour of danger has drawn nigh,
The *Kingdom of the Anti-Christ*, announced before,
When, wanton, on its own foundation,
The *Human Mind* itself has planted—then
The simultaneous hostile blow will merge
The Bishop's crosier and the Prince's scepter!
The turn-about will then set in—anew
The temp'ral sword the Church's willing arm
Will be; repentful to the mother's lap
It will return; and then, a *double chain*,
Inseparable in its iron embrace,
The temp'ral and spiritual power
Will strangling wind itself around the head
Of th' Anti-Christ, the self-poised Human Mind!
Then stand we safe in all the fullness of
New might, and in proud Reason's *corpse* new root
The Church's splendor strikes, from thence new sap inhales.
Arch. Amen! does shout my heart for evermore!
[*The curtain closes.*]

To be Continued.

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SOCIALIST VOTE IN THE UNITED STATES:

In 1888	2,068
In 1892	21,157
In 1896	36,564
In 1900	34,191
In 1902	53,763

Sow seed—but let no tyrant reap;
Find wealth—let no impostor heap;
Weave robes—let no idler wear;
Forge arms; in your defense to bear.

WHOSE IS THE FUTURE?

The below article appeared in The People of December 25, 1898—seven months before the riots that the corruptionists in the Labor Movement initiated in the vain attempt to smash the Socialist Labor Party. Four years and ten months have elapsed since those riots. The rioters have since then sobered down considerably, staunching the wounds they received and are receiving in the battle that they imagined would last but a few weeks, and from which Corruption and Nonsense was by them confidently expected to come out on top. At this stage of the struggle two significant incidents—one proceeding from the East, another from the West—have fallen together.

Here in the East, a correspondent of the "Volkszeitung," the paper that represented the corruptionists in the riots, and that claimed that the Trades Union policy of the Socialist Labor Party was damnable, appears in that very paper, bringing the identical charges against pure and simpledom that the S. L. P. has been denounced for from that camp, condemning his (the "Volkszeitung's") party, the Social Democratic, for its attitude, and last not least, declaring that the policy of his party "HAS DRIVEN THOUSANDS OF WORKINGMEN" into the camp of the S. L. P.

From the West beyond the Mississippi, from the camp of the Western wing of the "Volkszeitung" party, comes a letter making the request that the below article, now over five years old, and no doubt preserved by some S. L. P. men and thus brought to the knowledge of our correspondent, be reprinted as a means of hastening the education of the misled members of his party and opening their eyes. Yielding to the request, here is the article:

Snubbed in the House of Its Friends.

Socialists are not of those who allow themselves to be stuffed with noise. As such, we consider the recent gathering in Kansas City, Mo., of "delegates to the A. F. of L. convention" to deserve but little notice. The "convention," indeed, would like to be taken seriously and made much of; that is in line with its purpose, to wit, to advertise its shining lights to the capitalist politicians as "leaders of labor," and—get jobs in consideration of their services. We know, however, that it is "waning moonshine"; once, indeed, did the workers of America look to it with respect and hope, and felt to be a part of it; that, thanks to the class-conscious education and hammer blows that the Socialist Labor Party and its sister, the Socialist Trade and Labor Alliance, have been spreading and dealing right and left, is no longer the case; how far the masses have been taken from those fakirs is well proven by their recent experiences at holding public meetings in Kansas City; while within the "convention," fakirdom ruled the roost, and thus seemed to represent the majority of the workers, outside of the "convention," the truth that they represent nothing was made clear; the "majority" of the "convention" could only get meetings of 28 or 30 people on the outside, while the minority of the "convention," at the mass meeting it held under the auspices of the Socialist Labor Party, filled large halls to overflowing. Similar, only increasingly so, has been the experience of late years, proving beyond cavil that the fakirs are representing a steadily waning constituency, and their pure and simpledom is indeed a poor, old stranded wreck, while the masses are turning to us. Nevertheless, there is one thing that happened at this blessed "convention" that is worthy of note: the way that bogus Socialist party variously called Social Democracy and Democratic Socialist was treated.

At the "convention" there were several delegates of that bogus party; economically and politically they are of the flesh and the bone of the other fakirs. These "Socialist" delegates had but one object—scuttle the S. L. P. Amen was the feeling that thrilled through their fakir compeers. In order to do that, the former introduced a resolution that called for "united political action on the part of the workers upon class lines," and they made it quite clear that it was introduced not in the interest of the S. L. P., but in the interest of the bogus, armories-to-capitalist-voting "Socialist" concern. One would imagine that such a resolution, presented under such auspices, would be jumped at by the other fakirs. Well, they did not; on the contrary, they jumped on it with both feet. The language and tenet of the resolution, being pirated from the S. L. P., was soundly Socialist; the animal instinct of the assembled fakirs told them that it could not be supported without being an endorsement of the S. L. P.; and that would be to cut the market for jobs from under their own feet. Accordingly, not only was the resolution rejected, but it was rejected upon a series of speeches that snubbed by wholly ignoring the bogus party of Tobin, the proposer thereof, and limited itself to bestowing its compliments upon the S. L. P. and the S. T. & L. A.

Indeed, the United States, broad though its era be, is too narrow a confine to contain more than one bona fide Socialist party. That party is the S. L. P.; it has earned its place as such, is known to be such, and no other party, to whatever extent it may pirate our name or platform, will ever be looked upon as anything but humbug.

The instinct of the assembled fakirs in Kansas City was unerring, so unerring that, notwithstanding their full sympathy with the real objects of the Tobin-Carey party, they, its friends, snubbed it roundly.

All things come to him who falters not, and knoweth how to wait.

The future is the S. L. P.'s!

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A FREE BALLOT.

The New York State Republican Convention adopted last week a resolution that is in itself a liberal education on the essentials of a free ballot. The title of the resolution is "Negro disfranchisement in the South." Any title will do.

What is a free ballot? There are people who pretend that political matters are very profound. They try to make them so profound that nobody can fathom them. In and of itself there is nothing profound or complicated in the matter. The same obvious principle that prevails in matters of contracts prevails with the ballot. A contract is not considered binding unless it is entered freely, and a contract is not considered entered freely if entered into by one of the parties under a misconception created in his mind by the other party. The man who cultivates the ignorance of another man on the hidden treasures of the latter's field, and then makes a contract with him for the sale of the field at an ordinary price, can not hold the latter. The latter did not enter into a free contract. He was forced to it by the violence of the ignorance that the other party cultivated in his brain. Apply the principle to the ballot. Can there be said to be a free ballot anywhere in the land, as far as the bulk of the working class is concerned?

Let none say that a man is not necessarily ignorant if he is not a Socialist. Surely not. Our capitalist editors may be very learned and so may be the capitalist politicians, but do they or do they not cultivate ignorance on the Social Question? None who reads or hears them can deny the fact. Even after a man has been clearly explained Socialist economics he may dissent, and his ballot may be a free ballot tho' cast for capitalism. But the workingmen who are lied to by the capitalist papers upon the subject of wages, who are kept knowingly in false expectations, from whom all effort is made to keep the slightest scrap of anti-capitalist information,—such workingmen, and they are the majority, when they vote, vote in ignorance; their ignorance is cultivated by the class in whose favor the vote is cast. Such a ballot is not free; such a ballot is slave—and that it is counted only aggravates the case; it is stolen by the capitalist class.

The only difference in the South is that the ruling class of that section of the country are still at the Russian stage of tyranny—brutal force; while the Northern ruling class have developed beyond that and are at the stage of sneak force.

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GOOD FOR FATHER KRESS!

Heralded by big headlines:

"Vigorous Address on Evils of the Propaganda of Socialism;" and preluded by praises from Father Elliot, the Washington "Times" of the 8th of this month reports an address delivered by Father W. S. Kress at the morning session of the current missionary conference at the Catholic University.

It is our agreeable pleasure to be able, for once, to applaud an adversary, who, in the garb, and under the auspices, and in the name of the Roman Catholic Church machine takes the field against Socialism. The applause that is due to Father Kress's effort is due to the exceptional wisdom that marked his line of argument, and withal, its sincerity. While all the other prelates, who of late organizedly took the field against Socialism, were venturesome enough to try conclusions with Socialism on a field that the gentlemen were peculiarly unfit for—the field of economics and sociology—Father Kress wisely left that field alone, and he made the only argument that we must admit holds water. The central thought from which Father Kress's argument proceeded and toward which it climaxed appears in the following passage:

> "To expect the average Catholic to discriminate between the true and the false principles of Socialism is to invite disappointment. Contamination is sure to result. Their usual deference and submission to ecclesiastical authority soon gives way to an insolent questioning of the priests' right to say what is false or true, right or wrong."

We call this a clear drawing of the line.

Upon the authority of Father Kress, as appears from this passage that the hierarchy demands from its faithful, not merely adherence to theological tenets, but "deference and submission to ecclesiastical authority" upon what is false or true outside of theology; that any other attitude is considered by the hierarchy as "an insolent questioning of the priest's right," and that "the priest's right" is to utter himself, without there being an appeal from his utterance, upon anything he choses—"false or true, right or wrong" covering the whole gamut of man's activity on earth. Socialism interferes, says the Father with such authoritarianism, and the Father obviously considers such authoritarianism as essential to the welfare of the race.

This is not the place for a discussion upon whether Father Kress is right or wrong upon what is good for the human race. Such discussion is unnecessary. Father Kress is of the opinion that blind deference and submission is required by his church organization,—he is authority upon that; and he declares that Socialism interferes with such "deference and and submission,"—he is right.

The point whether humanity is fit or unfit to rule itself has been amply debated. To debate it further were idle. The Declaration of Independence would still be unwritten if the Revolutionary fathers had been willing to discuss the point. It is one of the features of that great document that it bars out the discussion. It starts out with the declaration "We hold that," etc.; in other words, "we are through with discussion and now stand up and be counted." By bringing out as his central objection to Socialism the fact that it "contaminates" the spirit of "deference and submission" and superinduces "insolent questions"—all of which is true—Father Kress makes quite clear the intellectual line that divides him and his from the Socialists.

We have ever said it, we repeat it now—the path to progress, to order, to intelligent conclusion, lies, not along the path of blurring but along the path of sharply drawing the lines that divide opinion. If the lines are blurred, neither side will know where it is at, and harmony will be furthest away when it seems nearest. On the contrary, only by a sharp drawing of the line can each side understand the other, and above all, can each side UNDERSTAND ITSELF. Then, only then, can the error be located.

We applaud Father Kress, we appiaud sincerity wherever found, and we help him to draw the line—Socialism maintains that unquestioning "deference and submission" to man is a badge of stupidity and means of unhappiness; it breeds the duper and the duped; it steeps the race into the abyss of turmoil; it prevents peace on earth.

Socialism stands on that side of the line. Is it wrong? Then march across it to the other. The Father Kresses stand there by their own admission.

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"THE STRATEGIC POINT."

The Spanish language has a figure of speech to indicate the plight of a man who is in trouble brought on by himself, and who gets into ever increasing difficulties in his attempt to escape. He is said to have got into a shirt eleven yards long. Anyone who ever got into a gown much too long for him and tried to stand, let alone walk in it, knows what happens. That is what is happening with the crumbling-away so-called Socialist alias Social Democratic party on its Trades Union policy. It is tumbling and floundering like a Barnum clown. At the risk of being considered uncharitable enough to make sport of the utterances of a person uttered under such distressed conditions, we shall here take up an utterance of the Seattle "Socialist," uttered in one of its tumblings in its issue of the 10th instant—"The strategic point at which capitalists are now aiming their attacks is the Trades Unions."

There is nothing of the sort.

The big capitalist brewers of New York, so far from "aiming their attacks at the Trades Unions," are bribing the fakirs in the local brewery Unions to keep a solid body in existence; it was not "attacks" but "kisses" that the late lamented Hanna had for Mitchell in the latter's efforts to save his organization from disruption; the large capitalist Marcus Marks of the clothing trade does not exchange blows with H. Korkorowsky, alias Harry White. On the contrary, indulges in a unilateral course of wining and dining the gentleman, and booming him through the capitalist press; there may be two bodies between the Railroad Conductors Chief Clark and President Roosevelt, but their hearts beat as one; Schwab, or whoever then presided over the Steel Trust was such a pet of President Shaffer that the latter helped the Trust to using the Union for an advertising scheme for its stock, and the former pronounced the Union his brother; to sum up, the "Wall Street Journal" has uniformally sung the praises of the Unions and went so far as to pronounce them—the pure and simple Trades Unions expressly and distinguished from the New Trades Unions—to be "the bulwark of the nation and of modern society." A big hole, such a big hole is knocked into the Seattle "Socialist" pronouncement that nothing is left of it.—Nothing? Aye, something is left, and that something is essential to the full appreciation of the Seattle "Sócialist's" tumblings.

There IS quite a fight on against the Unions by employers, but those employers are not capitalists, proper, they are not the pace-setting capitalists; they are the "left-overs," the smaller (relatively speaking) crew of the employers' class who find it hard to keep step with the big fellows, and who seek to ease their march by ridding themselves of the Unions. They are the Parry crowd. In other words, in so far as there is any "strategy" in the matter, the strategy consists in close friendship between the real capitalists and the Unions, which they seek to dominate through the fakirs, and which they can dominate simply because, being big capitalists, they have a sufficient corruption fund to keep their labor lieutenants in pay; while on the other hand, the Parry crowd of sinking capitalists, having no such funds at their disposal can not out-bid the big capitalists in the purchase of the labor-lieutenants, and consequently are engaged with the Trades Unions in a free fight, where "strategy" is clean out of question.

Thus the utterance of the Seattle "Socialist," tumbling in the eleven-yard-shirt of the full-grown Social Question, lines up the paper in a fight, not for Socialism, but in one that belongs to the teething-and-measles period of the Question—the clapperclawing period of small and competing capitalists with pure and simpledom as a caricature of the capitalist.

IT IS NOW CALLED "BOOM."

What was the term applied until the other day by the Democratic and Republican press and politician to the condition of the land—"Prosperity." Did the Socialist say the earnings of the working class went down?—The answer was, Nonsense, look at our general prosperity! Did the Socialist point to the increased mortality of children and tradesmen, to the increased drunkenness, to the increased prostitution, insanity and suicide, all symptoms of decline?—The answer was, Nonsense, look at our general prosperity! Did the Socialist point to a decreasing marriage roll and thereby to a decreasing home establishment?—The answer was, Nonsense, look at our general prosperity. To one and all the allegations from Socialist quarters indicative of spreading trials among the masses, "Prosperity!" was the answer.

Now, what is prosperity? Prosperity is that economic condition in which well-being is enjoyed by the masses; and well-being implies something else than mere food and raiment for the present, it implies essentially ease of mind for the future and ease of body to enjoy both present and future. Unnatural excitement, the feverishness of the moment, are elements foreign to "prosperity." And yet we were told prosperity existed.

That was then. Time passed. The undertow of the coming crash is on. Capitalist establishments are failing; labor is being laid off in rafts; stagnation has set in. The upper capitalists have gathered in the harvest and from their diked entrenchments they contemplate the inroads of the flood of adversity that is sweeping over the masses down in the plain. But these capitalists do more than contemplate, they or at least their scribblers also philosophize. And in their philosophizing what name are they giving to the former state of things? Before, they called it prosperity; now they have another name for it; now it is "boom." And they complacently account for the present state of things with the "boom state" that we have traversed"—in other words, "prosperity" is dropped and "boom" is taken up, that is to say, a term that denies the former existence of prosperity.

The admission comes not too late—for people who have memories. They will realize that for them there never is any prosperity under capitalism, but only "booms," that is, drunken fits of capitalist industrial carousal—with the nervous reaction for Labor to bear.

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"MEN" AND LAW.

Among the early decisions of Chief Justice Marshall is that rendered in the case of Marbury vs. Madison, in the course of which the learned judge coined the phrase: "This is a nation of law, not of men." Phrases of this sort are apt to be frequently quoted, and taken out of their context, to be given all manner of interpretations. The latest interpretation the phrase has received is from Martin J. Wade, a member of the House of Representatives from Iowa, According to Mr. Wade the phrase means that a nation of law is a nation where the people speak, a nation of men is where the government is under the control of some man or small body of men. The first thing that strikes one about this definition is that "a nation of men" (plural) is interpreted to be a nation of one man; and that "a nation of law" is interpreted to be a nation where the people speak, that is, pre-eminently a nation of men. The full appreciation of basic nonsense is essential to the enjoyment of the superstructural nonsense. Building upon his definition, Mr. Wade proceeds to lambaste the Trusts, and then follows a eulogy of the days of small production—that is a eulogy of the conditions that inevitably lead to what Mr. Wade abhors as "a nation of men."

He who says competition says monopoly; he may not know it, but his ignorance does not change facts. Competitors do not compete for the fun of the thing; they mean business; just as soon as any set of them find they can do more business by trustifying themselves they do so, they must do so—and there you have your "nation of men" a la Wade.

Fact is that, whatever the name, the nation whose institutions place in private hands the land on and the tools with which to work cannot choose but become a nation of a few tyrants and a mass of subjects. The links of the chain, going backwards, are:

1. Trust or monopoly, bred by
2. Competition, bred by
3. Private ownership of the things needed for work.

The fountainhead of the mischief is, accordingly, not the Trusts—these are the very deltas of the river—it is private ownership in the essentials to labor.

Mr. Wade is looking for the source of a river at its mouth. Of such timber are the intellectuals of capitalism.

THE COTTON MILL CURTAILMENT.

A capitalist contemporary, discussing the probable cause of the curtailment of production by two days per week at the Fall River mills, arrives at an interesting conclusion. It finds that at the prevailing price of print cloths, the sales are not equal to the capacity of the mills. "This is said to be about 350,000 pieces a week, whereas the weekly sales have been running along at about 75,000 pieces. In other words, the manufacturers appear to have been piling up stocks." This means that owing to lack of demand there is an overproduction in the supply of cotton goods, hence the mills must curtail production by closing down two days a week.

This plain statement is not without its value to the members of the working class, though they suffer most from the conditions that make it necessary. Who has not heard it said that the working class is dependent on the capitalist class? that the capitalist class gives the working class employment and wages, and, in brief, enables it to live? Yet here one sees the capitalists, the great providers of employment without any employment to provide. Here one beholds the great independent capitalists themselves dependent on the law of supply and demand.

What is this law of supply and demand? Man must have food, clothing and shelter. These material needs create inventions, industries and all the institutions that go to satisfy them. It is from these needs of man and from the needs of these institutions that the law of supply and demand principally arises. Centuries before capitalists were known man attended to these needs and provided himself with all that was necessary to feed, clothe and protect himself. To-day, the capitalists control the means—the land, factories , railroads, etc.,—whereby this is done, and are using them for their own personal profit. They take from labor, which operates those means, in the form of profits, interests and rents, about four-fifths of labor's products, returning only one-fifth. The capitalist class, however, is a small class. Despite its extravagant wastes in luxuries and its great investments in new industrial enterprises, the capitalist class cannot consume all that it takes from the working class, the great majority of the population. Nor can the working class, with its small wages, dispose of the immense accumulations of commodities it has produced. The result, notwithstanding the presence of thousands of starved, ragged and homeless wretches, and millions of poorly fed, clothed and housed workers, is an excess of supply over demand, resulting in curtailment, idleness, deprivation, and, in many instances, death itself. In other words, the capitalist class, instead of giving labor employment, wages and life, is taking them from it; while it, in return, is thriving upon the products of labor, without which the capitalist could not secure control of the means of life, nor enjoy the multitude of luxuries in which it is now reveling and degenerating.

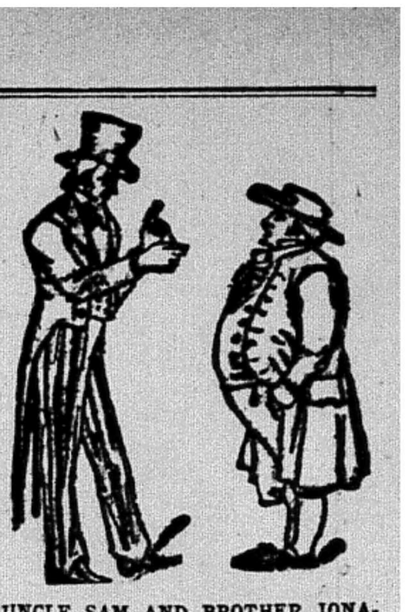
Labor is the Atlas supporting the capitalist world. Labor to-day is inventive, intelligent and capable enough to supply its needs through the social ownership of the means of production and distribution, on a far higher plane than did early man. It has but to declare for a system of production for use instead of profit, as at present, to end its ills. This is the lesson of the cotton mill curtailment.

◆ ◆ ◆

"The American Printer" for April says: "Chicago master printers are of the opinion that the most important recent development in the printing trade is that which seems to have brought into permanent existence a new factor in the printing office force in the form of the 'girl feeder.' The owners of those offices which through the strike by the feeders' union there recently have displaced their male feeders with girls, who in a short time became efficient workmen, express themselves as being more than satisfied with the new order of things."

In the lithographic industry the employers are endeavoring to utilize the present trouble for the purpose of introducing girls into the transfer-room. In view of these facts—facts that show the employers' determination to get cheaper labor by the introduction of women into their places—how can the printers and lithographers continue to believe in "the mutual interests of capital and labor"? Or do the feeders and the transferers believe that when the employer substitutes female labor for their labor he is promoting their interests as well as his own?

The "Cleveland Citizen" professes indignation at the way wages are being "hammered down" in the coal field, and industry generally. Such professions would come with better grace from a labor paper that, unlike the "Citizen," refuses to support the Mitchells and the Gomperses, who are working in behalf of the "hammering down" process. One cannot address such men as "brother" and then go out on the public highway and shout, "Stop thief!" with any prospect of being thought sincere. The whole game is too transparent to work successfully.



UNCLE SAM AND BROTHER JONATHAN.

BROTHER JONATHAN—What do you think I heard a Socialist speaker say the other day?

UNCLE SAM—If he WAS a Socialist speaker you must have heard something sensible.

B. J.—Well, I didn't; he talked nonsense. What he said was downright treasonable to the Revolution of our Fathers!

U. S.—That's stiff. What did he say?

B. J.—Now, then, that Socialist said that we workingmen were nothing but merchandise, like shoes, stockings, pork or beef. If that is not insulting, I don't know what is; if that is not denying the Revolution, what is it?

U. S.—Well, I don't know what all you mean by that Revolution. I DO know, however, that a thing may have been done, and yet, after a while it is all un-done again. A Revolution, our fathers' Revolution, may have been successful in setting us free; but it don't follow from that that we may not have been subsequently re-enslaved and turned into merchandise. If this did happen, it would be no treason to say so; on the contrary, it would be folly, mischievous folly, to deny it.

B. J.—Well, that's true, too. But we have not been re-enslaved, or turned into merchandise.

U. S. looks at him steadily.

B. J.—Have we been re-enslaved ?

U. S.—Let's reason together. You read the papers, don't you?

B. J.—I do.

U. S.—Did you ever come in their columns across the expression: "The millionaire market?"

B. J. (amused)—Why, no!

U. S.—Why are you amused?

B. J.—Because the "millionaire market" would mean a market in which millionaires are bought and sold; and that is nonsense; millionaires only buy and sell; they are not bought or sold.

U. S.—Just so; in other words, millionaires would be merchandise?

B. J.—Yes, and they aren't.

U. S.—Or did you ever come across the terms: "The railroad magnate market?" Or "The mine baron market?" Or "The bankers' market?" Or "The corporation stockholders' market?"

B. J.—No, and for the same reason, they are not bought and sold; they are not merchandise.

U. S.—Correct. Now, did you ever come across the term: "The beef market?"

B. J.—Lots of times. That's all right. Beef is bought and sold; it is a merchandise.

U. S.—And did you ever come across the terms: "The pork market?" Or "The shoe market?" Or "The stocking market?"

B. J.—Why certainly, lots of times. And that's very natural; pork, shoes, stockings, etc., are all bought and sold; they are all merchandise.

U. S.—Now, my man, refresh your memory, and tell me whether you ever ran across in the papers the term: "The Labor Market?"

B. J. starts back as though he had been struck full in the chest.

U. S.—Did you ,or did you not?

B. J.—I did, by thunder!

U. S.—Your face brightens up; light seems to be going up in it. Was that Socialist right or was he wrong in saying that we were nothing but merchandise under this present capitalist system?

B. J.—Right, by Jove!

U. S.—Yes, my man, let's be sensible and not allow our vanities to blind us to our own undoing. We ARE merchandise, just as pork and beef ; we ARE sold in the market just as shoes and stockings;—we ARE ENSLAVED. Look as you may into the works of our Revolutionary Fathers, and never once will you come across the term: "Labor Market." The workingman was not then merchandise. Opportunities—natural and social—were then open to all; each man could be, and was, the architect of his own fortune, or misfortune. In those days had any one used the term: "Labor Market," he would have been understood as little as if he had used the word "kinetograph;" neither of the two was yet in existence. As the latter, so is the term "Labor Market" a subsequent development, and that development is in-

(Continued on page 6.)

CORRESPONDENCE

[CORRESPONDENTS WHO PREFER TO APPEAR IN PRINT UNDER AN ASSUMED NAME WILL ATTACH SUCH NAME TO THEIR COMMUNICATIONS, BESIDE THEIR OWN SIGNATURE AND ADDRESS. NONE OTHER WILL BE RECOGNIZED.]

THE MILWAUKEE ELECTION.

To The Daily and Weekly People:

The election is over and the Socialist Labor Party, which in 1902 polled only 211 votes, or rather was given only that number, polled 3615 votes, or 23 more than we telegraphed The People on Wednesday night. This is a tremendous increase! What is the cause or causes of such mighty support in favor of the class conscious Socialist Labor Party?

First of all it must be stated that for the first time in local history the voting in Milwaukee was done by machine. Thus no votes were counted out, no crooked work was done, or could be done, by dishonest politicians, as has happened at former elections, when many a comrade saw, to his consternation, that his vote was counted out.

Secondly, that the S. L. P. is steadily gaining ground among the workingmen is a fact that cannot be denied. He who attended our last series of entertainments knows that the halls were much too small to hold the crowds. It is true that the living pictures of Minkley, etc., were a strong drawing card, but still this could not have been the sole reason for such immense audiences attending our festivals.

The main cause is that the working people are beginning to realize that the fighting S. L. P. is worthy of their support; that is the reason of their voting with us. The respectful hearing that was given last Fall to Comrade DeLeon before a crowded hall, the numerous lectures delivered by Minkley, Wilke and others, and last, but not least, the influence of The People and the Sozialistiche Arbeiter Zeitung, and the sound literature of the S. L. P.—all begun to bear fruit.

The Social Democrats conducted their campaign in the interest of municipal socialism. They had all their strength centered in Milwaukee. Speakers, money and literature from all over the country came to aid the Social Democratic candidates. The local press ,too ,aided Berger greatly, as did the corrupt conditions of municipal affairs; and he himself not only was sure of election, but thought he would carry the city by 15,000 plurality. But now that their expectations have not been realized and the Social Democrats have only gotten 15,000 votes instead of 15,000 plurality, and are not the first party, but are humbly destined to fill the third place among the political combatants, they are sore and telling a different story.

The S. L. P. made a clean fight. Comrade Goodhue of Chicago aided us a good deal during the campaign. The newspapers, on the contrary, did not give us any suppport at all, except "The Sentinel," which printed a statement that we sent to the entire local press. The statement is as follows:

The municipal campaign draws to a close. The speakers of the various parties have been heard, and it is now up to the voters to decide whom to elect. However, before the campaign closes, the Socialist Labor Party asks for space to make it clear to a great many that it cannot reach otherwise, and who are interested in Socialism, why they should not give their support to Berger and the Social Democratic Party, but to the Socialist Labor party instead. The Socialist Labor party may be a little party, numerically speaking, but it is by no means small; it is the older of the two parties; it was the harbor where the deceived and misled proletarian found shelter and enlightenment—where he was reared in the true science of socialism. Long ere anything was known of the Social Democracy was the Socialist Labor party fighting the battles of the working class. Why, then, did certain persons organize a party in opposition to it, if they were sincere in their action, when already a socialist party existed? Neither sincerity nor honesty could have been the motives that led those men to organize a "Socialist" party in opposition to the Socialist Labor Party, because that party has always been loved by its friends and sympathizers, but feared and hated by all foes of the working class. Its tactics are straight and its principles are sound. Why, then, did those men that founded the social democracy not adhere to Socialist tactics and sound principles? Those that took part in organizing their party must not have understood an iota of straight tactics and sound principles, or, to draw the lines closer, they were a lot of shabby individuals, who, instigated by some others, planned to smash the only party of the workingmen, the Socialist Labor party.

Socialism cannot be the offspring of political corruption. The motives of those men that founded the social democracy were mean and base, if not criminal. What can the workingman expect of such men when they are elected to political office? Do the workers believe that they will find them true advocates and honest representatives, who will guard their interests? Proofs are there and plentiful, too, that the Social Democrats have not lived up to their promises. The fault is that they have placed persons before principle, and not having the highest quality of either, their party which the voters fostered, was bound to be a fiasco. For instance, the Social Democrat, James T. Carey of Haverhill, Mass., who at present is here speaking for the Social Democratic party, voted for an appropriation of $15,000 for an armory. Does he not know that by this conduct he sharpened bayonets that are being placed against the laboring men? Is this socialistic? No, not by any means. True Socialists do not and cannot stand for the continuation or prolongation of methods of human butchery. Why did the Social Democrat, Carey of Haverhill, side with the oppressors, who employed barbaric methods to maintain their position? Simply because Carey is not a Socialist. And why, above all, did the Social Democrats of Milwaukee ask the support of such a man, whose acts in politics are identical to those of any of the old politicians? We of the Socialist Labor party therefore ask in all earnestness: Can such a man spread Socialism? Can he be a true apostle of socialism? And, furthermore, what kind of Socialists must Berger and consorts be to solicit the aid of such a man? Answer for yourselves.

There have been numerous instances where the Social Democrats have shown themselves to be no better than the politicians of the old school. Berger, the candidate for mayor on the Social Democratic ticket, is lauded by the great press, but even the poorest student of political economy must know that it is all the same to the working class whether the Social Democrats, Republicans or Democrats are elected. The condition of that class will not thereby in any wise be bettered. What the working class needs is education and of the soundest kind, such as is spread by the Socialist Labor party; or, in other words, the working class must free itself. A Social Democrat like Berger, who through the aid of dishonest politicians tries to become mayor of Milwaukee, can never fulfill his promises, at least not toward the working class, and even if he were the most honest of men he would find out the folly of his statements when confronted by actual facts. Circumstances are stronger than men; many an honest man has been drowned by the wave of corruption. Nothing but a sound movement among the workingmen, conducted by the workingmen themselves on class conscious lines, can liberate them from wage slavery. No person, however honest, can change their material condition. The Social Democrats think differently, especially in the present campaign, because their candidates seem to be more prominent than their principle for which they claim to stand. Berger was the man, as Gaylord put it, "who nearly scared Gompers out of his boots" in the New Orleans convention. Such a statement may make a hit among those who do not know Berger's conduct at the convention of the American Federation of Labor. He who has read the proceedings of said convention knows that Berger did not scare the fakir, Samuel Gompers, out of his boots, but, on the contrary, that it was Berger himself who moved that the salary of Gompers be increased. Do you call this scaring one out of his boots?

Once more, fellow socialists, we warn you against all undue haste and prejudice. Vote for whomever you please, but, if you are really desirous of voting for Socialism and withal comprehend its great significance, then cast your ballot for the Socialist Labor party, as being the true and only representative of Socialism in the United States."

This statement is worth reading in a wider circle than that afforded by Milwaukee. It shows on what grounds we waged our fight here, and success can be achieved.

H. B.

Milwaukee, Wis., April 9.

THE OUTLOOK IN THE TRANSVAAL.

To the Daily and Weekly People:—Please publish in The Daily and Weekly People, the enclosed resolutions, which were adopted by a mass meeting of the citizens of the city of Johannesburg, Transvaal, S. A.

Fraternally,
C. A. Wetzel.
National Secretary, N. E. C., Canadian S. L. P.
P. O. Box 380, London, Canada.

[ENCLOSURE.]

THE JOHANNESBURG RESOLUTIONS

Whereas, The present condition of the Transvaal is of a very serious outlook, there exists great distress, lack of employment, business depression and failures, great misery, poverty, crime and, therefore, great discontent and dissatisfaction among the great masses of the population; and

Whereas, The cause of these conditions can be traced to the existence of a class, consisting of a very small percentage of the population, and which class, after grabbing and taking possession of all the principal industries of this colony, have also conspired and succeeded in getting in their hands the legislative powers so as to better enable them to exploit those industries for their own selfish interest, and without any consideration for those who really work those industries, and of those who are dependent upon those workers, and, therefore, any consideration of the welfare of the majority of the inhabitants of this colony; and

Whereas, The continuance of the present self-nominated Legislative Council, whose members are of that class which owns the industries, and whose interests are opposed to those of the other inhabitants of this colony, will eventually bring still more misery and distress to the people of this country, and will tend to create a state of chaos, disorder, riots and bloodshed; and,

Whereas, The Social Democratic Organization recognizes that the only solution of the labor problem, and the remedy for the present critical crisis, is by ensuring to the workers the full benefit of their labor, which can only be brought about by wresting from the idle and parasite class all the industries and to return the same to their rightful owners, namely, the people, by socializing all the land, mines, and all other means of production, distribution and exchange; and, as it does further recognize that for the people to get the machinery of production they must first get possession of the machinery of government. Therefore, the S. D. O., with the object of preventing of the bringing of further ruin and misery upon the people of this colony, and with the object of establishing the Co-operative Commonwealth, calls upon the people of the Transvaal and advises them to DEMAND of the home government, the removal of the present Transvaal authorities, and to grant immediately an elective legislative council for this council, under a system of one person, one vote, irrespective of rent, rates, or other property qualification; and be it further

Resolved, That the people of Great Britain and colonies are asked to join and help us in our just demand for an elective representative government for the Transvaal.

Strike for the ballot, workingmen, with the determination to strike with the ballot for industrial freedom!

SOCIALISTS FOR REVENUE ONLY.

To The Daily and Weekly People:—Some time ago I received a sample copy of a new "Socialist" paper, which is being published at Girard, Kansas, nominally by one E. L. Mengshoel, but, in reality, by the Appeal to Reason Publishing Co., being financially backed by that concern. That "birds of a feather flock together" is once more proven true.

To chronicle the crooked career of the Appeal to Any-Old-Thing, while sailing under the Socialist colors, would fill quite a volume, I am sure; every reader of The People knows of some of the Appeal's many inconsistencies—how it has advertised capitalist candidates and advised its readers to vote for them; how it has boomed freak schemes of different kinds, as, for instance, colonization schemes, and tried to palm them off on its spellbound admirers as "Socialistic." And, as regards said E. L. Mengshoel, the pretended publisher and editor of the new "Socialist" paper, which, by the way, is published in the Norwegian language, he seems to be a veritable any-old-thingist.

Some years ago Mengshoel filled the position of editor pro tem. of a Minneapolis "reform" paper, in the Norwegian language, while the real editor was in Duluth attending to his political official duties, those of grain inspector, a position he received from Governor John Lind for journalistic services rendered. At that time he, Mr. Mengshoel, was so much of a Socialist that an article of mine—in which I, from a Socialist standpoint, pointed out the inconsistencies of his paper in denouncing the war and the party in power for carrying it on, and at the same time siding with another capitalist party, the Democratic—was refused publication. I then dropped that paper, and have not since kept track of Mr. Mengshoel until I now discovered him sticking his head out from under the protecting wings of the "Appeal to Reason."

From the said sample copy, dated February 13, I clip and subjoin two short pieces, both printed in English, the one being a letter, and showing where the bogus Socialists are getting some of their support from, reads as follows:

"To 'Gaa paa':

"Dear Sir:—Enclosed find 50 cts. in stamps, for which please send copies of your latest issue at once to me in election Feb. 16.

"Some time ago I received some through E. P. Jennings, the editor of 'The A ....: Republican.' They went like hot cakes, and as there is a good sprinkling of Scandinavians in this place, I think your 'Gaa paa' will make them think for their benefit and Socialism.

"Yours for Socialism,
"Geo. B. Sharp."

The other one speaks for itself:

"We, the undersigned, 'The Appeal Publishing Company,' of Girard, Kansas, agree to print for E. L. Mengshoel, his weekly paper, the 'Gaa paa,' upon the following plan: We to supply all type, print paper, ink, and all other material necessary for the printing of said publication, pay postage, and advance funds for the necessary living expenses, 15 dollars pr. week, to E. L. Mengshoel and his assistants, and do the necessary job printing. These expenses are to be charged against E. L. Mengshoel, until such time as he can repay the same; in the meantime, 'The Appeal Publishing Co.' is to receive and care for all cash receipts, and whenever said indebtedness hereinbefore mentioned is repaid 'The Appeal Publishing Co.' then the publication, and all material then paid for, is to be become the sole property of the said E. L. Mengshoel, and can be removed or retained with 'The Appeal to Reason' plant, according to further agreements in connection therewith.

"The Appeal Publishing Co.,
"E. L. Mengshoel."

Whether E. L. Mengshoel is, or will some day, become the actual publisher of the "Gaa paa" ("Onward"), or whether he is just being used as a bait for catching subscribers by the Appeal Co. is immaterial. One thing is certain, that the "Gaa paa," like the "Appeal to Reason," is and will, as long as it lasts, remain a money-making scheme, a grafter's tool. Those people are Socialists for revenue only, and might appropriately, doctor-like, put the letters S. F. R. O. after their names. With Republican editors, helping to distribute sample copies and the "mighty" Appeal Co. backing him financially, Mr. Mengshoel should have fairly good success in catching the requisite number of half-dollars.

B. Eide.

Red Wing, Minn., April 10.

Light Is Spreading.

To the Daily and Weekly People:—A German comrade handed me a clipping from "l'infame," miscalled the "Volkszeitung," which clearly shows the mental status of the genus kangaroo. In it the writer, who signs himself "K," after arraigning the pure and simple trades unions as a relic of the feudal ages, and bewailing the fact that many of these unions (?) are organized by the bosses, goes on to state that THE TACTICS OF THE SOCIALIST PARTY IN TRADES UNION MATTERS HAVE DRIVEN THOUSANDS OF WORKINGMEN OUT OF THAT PARTY INTO BECOMING FOLLOWERS OF DANIEL DE LEON.

I would not attempt to encroach upon your time and space, did I not know, from years of personal experience with the dupes of the infamous sheet, which I have mentioned, and its English poodle, the "Worker," that every mother's son of them firmly believe that the members of the S. L. P. seceded from the Socialist (?), or whatever its name may be, party. The old story of the child who wanted to eat its pudding and keep it, too, is repeated by them—even those of them who were in doubt in the dark days of July, 1899 have had their doubts dispelled by others and have come to the conclusion that the bastard child is its own parent.

However, the writer "K" comes to the conclusion that something must be "did" to bring those thousands of militants back to the fold.

Now, as I am one of those thousands who remained loyal to a fighting body, and did not desert the colors in the face of the enemy, as did that infamous crew who followed the lead of l'infame in 1899, and as one who had his eye teeth cut by bitter experience, and one who, being "ein verdammter De Leonit," can have no access to the columns of "l'infame," otherwise known as the Volkszeitung, I want to say through the People to "K" and hundreds like him who are on the wrong side of the fence in this battle, but whose honest instincts abhor the crooked tactics of the tail to the capitalist kite, that is aided and abetted by every labor skate this side of hell, from Sammy Go down to the prostitute in William street, that there can never be any union between a clean labor party like the S. L. P. and the Volkszeitung crew of scabs, no more than there can be a union of fire and water. If "K" is honest, if he is willing to fight, we shall cheerfully open our ranks to admit him, if not, let him stay where he is.

Fighting men to the front and center! Skulkers and cowards to the rear! March!

Just as I was about to conclude I thought of an incident that may go to show "K" the difference. Something like two years ago, three of our comrades were arrested in West Hoboken for the crime of attempting to exercise the right of free speech, free assemblage, etc., as guaranteed by the Constitution. Shortly afterwards one of the comrades so victimized happening to pass a meeting of the so-called Socialist party, whose speaker, one Fred Krafft, was loudly calling for questions, upon daring to ask a question, our comrade was introduced to the surrounding crowd with "this is one of the criminals who was arrested in West Hoboken for violating the law; we Socialists are law abiding."

I would like to ask "K" if affiliating with such curs as that would be likely to aid the cause of the class-conscious proletariat, whose welfare he seems to have at heart?

This Krafft is a "leader." What of of his following?

Fraternally,
Geo. P. Herrschaft.

Jersey City, N. J., April 12.

Nobody's Fool.

To the Daily and Weekly People:—Your editorial of to-day in reference to "a vigorous address," by one Father Kress, should fill every Socialist's heart with pride, be he Methodist, or Freethinker, or Catholic, as myself. It should stimulate renewed vigor in the cause of scientific Socialism.

Father Kress makes the same blunder which all of his kind make when he talks of the "true and the false principles of Socialism." There is no such thing as a true and false principle. A principle must have some basis of truth to give it the right to be called a principle. The principles of Socialism are founded on scientific facts whether Father Kress knows it or not, and indeed we must feel thankful to Father Kress for admitting there is any true side to it at all. He is the first of his kind to admit that much.

Let us hope he may get a copy of your editorial of to-day; it may open his eyes to the fact that the Socialist Labor Party is not a party of ignoramuses nor people imbued with "Blind Deference" to the rantings of every sky pilot who may wander from his proper latitude of saving souls and launch forth his invective against Socialism with impunity. People of the Father Kress type invariably run up against the

Buzz Saw.

New York, April 13.

Rebels Against Indignities.

To the Daily and Weekly People:—I submit the following for the careful consideration of those whom it may concern, and for the general benefit of the working class:

I have been in the employ of the B. & O. S. W. R. R. for the past eight years and have submitted to many indignities, until recently, when those indignities became so distressing that I refused to submit to them any longer.

In the shop where I worked they are establishing Nepotism, and it is necessary to be a direct lineal descendant of some official to inherit a trade, those on the outside having to undergo a sort of semi-slavery in order to hold a position at that place. Go into the shop where you will and you will find among those of preference, those whose near relatives have formerly occupied positions or whose female relatives possessed more charms than the wife of some foreman.

I started to work cleaning machinery and ended cleaning things I was not engaged to clean, which did not satisfy those in control of the octopus, unless I would give them the right over my individual body to use it as they wished.

Since my departure from the shop, I have learned of many having left for similar reasons. One man was discharged for calling an official by his given name, it being considered dishonorable to do this, the new title Mr. being attached to the surname, a name by which gentlemen are frequently called, though I never knew of one forcing his own claim to that title on others in this manner.

When workingmen unite on working-class lines and overthrow such a disgraceful system, a better system will quicken out of the decaying garbage, and a brighter day will shine forth. I have fought for the right as I see it and have endured all my body will stand.

Lewis Jefferson Freeman.

Chillicothe, O., April 12.

AS TO "WAGES, MARRIAGE AND THE CHURCH."

To The Daily and Weekly People:—I see in Friday's Daily People that an invitation is extended to the membership to discuss Connolly's criticism and the editor's answer to same that appeared in the previous Sunday's Daily and the Weekly of the past week. I shall not engage in the discussion at the present, but shall take part in the same at the National Convention. I am glad that this question has been brought to the front at last, and handled in the manner that The People handled it.

Will Cox.

Collinsville, Ill., April 10.

A Binding Link.

To the Daily and Weekly People:—I note with pleasure the recognition of The People as a binding link among the workers of the English-speaking world. I look forward hopefully to its growing influence soon exercising such a moulding control over the Socialist movement that it shall become invincible and so speed the day of the workers' emancipation.

Yours fraternally,
D. Ross.

London, Ont., April 12.

MARCH 20TH CONCERT.

Total received from Max Heyman, treasurer Section New York, $156.25.

If you receive a sample copy of this paper it is an invitation to subscribe. Subscription price: 50 cents per year.

LETTER-BOX

OFF-HAND ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

[NO QUESTIONS WILL BE CONSIDERED THAT COME IN ANONYMOUS LETTERS. ALL LETTERS MUST CARRY A BONA FIDE SIGNATURE AND ADDRESS.]

"ANSIA," BROOKLYN, N. Y.—We know nothing particular against the Provident Home Building Society. But our advice is not to trust it or any such concern. They are like roulette games, where the banker is the only certain winner.

C. M. O'B., FERNIE, B. C.—1. Indeed it does not conflict with the "central directing authority" explained in "Reform or Revolution." On the contrary, it flows from that exposition. He who says "organization" says many people co-operating together, and he who says "many people co-operating together" inevitably says "leadership," for the reason that just as an orchestra can not functionate without a director, many people co-operating together can not functionate without such director or leader. Hence it is correct to say: "He who says 'organization' says 'leadership.'" The rationale of it is fully explained in "Reform or Revolution."

2. There are a number of differences between the A. L. U. and the S. T. & L. A. One difference is that, while both stand upon the principle that politics and economics should go together, the former endorses a party—the S. P. alias S. D. P.—which denounces the principle by denouncing the S. T. & L. A. Another difference is that the A. L. U. endorses a party which upholds the A. F. of L., an organization which the organ of the A. L. U. has proven to be run by scab herders. There are many more such differences between the two. The S. T. & L. A. holds no such contradictory position.

3. There you got us. We can not answer the question whether an officer of the A. L. U. is admissible to membership in the S. L. P. We do not know whether the case has ever presented itself. The present constitution of the S. L. P. excludes officers of pure and simple Unions. Whether officers of a Trades Union that endorses a party which swarms with A. F. of L. scab-herders would come within the clause we have no authority to say.

4. The qualifications for membership in the S. L. P. is good character and the pledge to the Party. In the U. S. members at large are accepted.

D. J. T., NEW YORK—First write and ask Father Kress why he does not simply teach Christianity, a broad enough subject, but must quarrel with the Socialists. When you get his answer let us know; we shall then answer you why we "do not simply teach Socialism, a broad enough subject, but must quarrel with the priests." Don't forget to let us know when you have Father Kress's answer.

F. R., YONKERS, N. Y.—That "American S. D. P." of Wisconsin is about as its Volkszeitung sister. Its Justice of the Peace elect can not speak English, and one of its Supervisors is not a citizen.

T. V., BOSTON, MASS.—The Swedish paper "Arbetaren" is an S. L. P. paper. It is published in the same building with The People, and on the same floor with The People's editorial rooms, a door communicating between the two. If Mr. Moses Hilkowitz, alias Morris Hilquit's History says the "Arbetaren" is an S. P. paper, the statement would not be the only silly lie in the alleged history.

A. L. C., TOPEKA, KANS.—Perfectly plain. Capitalism, never forget that, is a transition stage. There is a vast difference between evolutionary development and transition. It is a feature of transition that it never is at peace with itself. Hence it comes that there is not a requirement of capitalism but has some opposite and conflicting requirement, and each of the two conflicting sets tells the tale of the transition or trajectory—the transition from the brutality of Feudalism to the gentleness of Socialism. That of peace and war illustrates the point as well as any. As capitalism tends to Socialism, order, peace is a capitalist requirement; hence the courts of law in which capitalist conflicts are fought out, without thereby interfering with the run of production, whereas the conflicts between the feudal lords forthwith stopped production. But as capitalism emerges from, is an off-shoot of feudalism, the war feature of Feudalism has been brought to perfection under capitalism, which needs markets in order to expand its production, and thereby expand the area of peace-requiring capitalist production. Quite instructive is the fact that puzzles you, once grasped.

F. D., CHICAGO, ILL.—Absolutely reliable. That is a feature of these Eugene Sue stories. What is fiction in them is obviously so. For the rest, the historically looking passages are documentary. Yes. The delineation of the duke, Aquitain, and the account of the butcheries supervised in Jerusalem by Peter the Hermit are strictly historical. By the way, no less historical is the scene of the plunder of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, and its desecration by the Crusaders.

H. S. A., DENVER, COLO.; J. H., GUTTENBERG, N. J.; M. J. H., HOPE CITY, COOKS INLET, ALASKA; P. B., N. Y.; H. O. L., TOLEDO, O.; Y. S., CHICAGO, ILL.; E. P., PITTSBURG, PA.; L. C. R., SCRANTON, PA.—Matter received.

BUSINESS DEPARTMENT NOTES

For the week ending Saturday, April 16th, three hundred and twenty-four subscriptions were secured for the Weekly People, a gain of fifty-one over last week. Prepaid sub. cards were sold to the amount of $100.50. While this is a good showing, it can be better. We want to see subscriptions reach the five hundred mark every week. That mark was reached once last summer. Let every comrade and sympathizer fall in line and help a little and we will be able to report five hundred a week all through the spring and summer season. Then we will know that a greater number of workingmen are reading the Weekly People and its influence has increased so much.

All subs. reaching this office between Monday morning, April 18th, and Saturday evening, April 23d, will be counted in awarding a prize of five dollars' worth of sub. cards to the individual securing the largest number of subs. Do not fail to state who subs. are to be credited to.

Walter Goss writes for the Illinois S. E. C. as follows: "Enclosed please find a money order for fifty dollars for which you will forward to my address 200 half-yearly and 25 yearly prepaid cards. This is the starter for the 1,000 sub. cards that the Illinois S. E. C. intends to get this summer." The Illinois comrades are wide-awake. Why don't the other States determine to add 1,000 subs. to their list?

Comrade H. Weiss, of Brooklyn, keeps hustling right after them. Fifteen more were sent in by him during the week. The comrades of East St. Louis, Ill., are booming the circulation of the Weekly People with a determination not often exhibited by any one except S. L. P. men. They add twenty-seven more readers to their list this week, and unless other cities get a move on themselves, will soon have the largest list outside of New York and Brooklyn.

Comrade Samuel Johnson ,of St. Paul, Minn., takes five dollars' worth of yearly and five dollars' worth of half-yearly cards and writes that the Section has elected a canvassing committee.

Comrade Francis, of Du Quoin, Ill., sends in eight subs. He writes that he has been trying the East St. Louis plan of taking subs. and collecting for them on pay day, or later on, and so far has not lost anything.

Others sending in five or more subs. are as follows: 34th A. D., city, 24; R. Goodwin, Redlands, Cal., 14; A. McGinnis, Chicago, 11; Walter Goss, Belleville, Ill., 10; 12th A. D., Brooklyn, 10; Section Seattle, Wash., 9; A. J. Boland, Jersey City, N. J., 8; Section St. Louis, 6; Wm. Andreas, Belleville, Ill., 6; R. W. Stevens, Baltimore, Md., 6; C. M. Carlson, Tacoma, Wash., 6; R. Berdan, Paterson, N. J., 5; M. Stodel, New Haven, Conn., 5; P. Friesema, Detroit, Mich., 5; 35th A. D., city, 7.

A few orders for copies of the issues of The Weekly People, of April 2d and April 9th could not be filled, as those issues had been exhausted.

Quite often we receive requests from comrades reading something like this: "Last month I sent a sub. for John Smith for six months. He did not pay me, and I can't collect. Moreover, he takes no interest and is no good. Can't you transfer the remaining five months to Tom Jones?" To do this means a good deal of clerical work and it also means expense in setting up, for a 25 cent sub., two different names on the mailing list. To encourage such a method would mean that we must employ more help, all on a rather small margin. We cannot do this. What we can do is this: Wherever a canvasser finds that to take risks of this kind is essential for success, we stand ready to aid him by letting him have $5 worth of prepaid sub. cards for $4, so that out of the $1 margin, which is equal to 20 per cent., he can cover such losses as he may sustain.

We repeat our request of some time ago that sub. cards be not used to settle old accounts with. Comrade Neumann, of St. Louis, is the latest offender.

J. J. CORCORAN, ATTENTION!

J. J. Corcoran is requested to communicate at once with Section Albany regarding funds, due stamps, etc.

Not knowing your post office address, we are obliged to use The People in order to reach you.

For Section Albany.
H. Schrader, Fin. Sec.

OFFICIAL

NATIONAL EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE—Henry Kuhn, Secretary, 2-6 New Reade street, New York.

SOCIALIST LABOR PARTY OF CANADA—National Secretary, P. O. Box 380, London, Ont.

NEW YORK LABOR NEWS COMPANY, 2-6 New Reade street, New York City (The Party's literary agency.)

Notice—For technical reasons no party announcements can go in that are not in this office by Tuesdays, 10 p. m.

NATIONAL EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

Regular meeting held April 15 at 2-6 New Reade street, John J. Donohue in the chair. Absent without excuse, J. Hammer and E. C. Schmidt. Absent with excuse, T. Walsh. John J. Kinneally was elected as recording secretary pro tem. The financial report showed receipts $57.14; expenditures, $55.18.

Communications: From Section Milwaukee, Wis., transmitting resolutions to be submitted to national convention as per call of the N. E. C., the said resolutions calling for the elimination of Art., II., Sec. 6, of the Part's constitution. From Michigan S. E. C., sending resolution on the same call submitted by a member at large at Sand Lake, providing that an eight-page weekly paper be the only newspaper to be published by the Party. From John Hossack, Jersey City, N. J., on the matter of forming a "Party Press Sustaining League," the purpose of which is to aid the Party press and also the Labor News Co., in the publication of books. The plan was endorsed by the N. E. C.

The National Agitation Fund Committee reported that the Pennsylvania S. E. C., the Kentucky S. E. C. and Section Lincoln, Neb., had returned the matter sent out by the committee and desire to have it made known that if any of our organizations require more of such matter they can be supplied by addressing John Hossack, 36 Pearsall avenue, Jersey City, N. J.

The Illinois S. E. C. sent $50 for prepaid subscription cards, the first batch taken on a pledge to dispose of 1,000 yearly subscriptions inside of six months, two half-yearly cards to count as one. The Illinois S. E. C. have also put in the field a solicitor who is to begin work in Chicago and if successful extend operations to other parts of the State. From the organizer of Section Lawrence, Mass., came a letter explaining in detail industrial and Party conditions in that town and the difficulties that have to be overcome. From a number of cities and towns were received letters bearing upon the matter of a law suit against the Party now pending on appeal. From the organizer of Section Phoenix, Ariz., pointing out that the best way to get over local troubles would be to suspend and reorganize the Section. The secretary was instructed to reply that the N. E. C. cannot suspend a Section without weighty reasons, but if the members feel that this is the only way out they themselves can do so. Letters of declination were received from all the candidates for delegate to the International Socialist Congress but one, Comrade De Leon and the secretary was instructed to resubmit the matter for a vote; also to send out assessment stamps for the collection of the funds needed to send the delegate.

The National Secretary reported that in his capacity as treasurer of the Daily People Auxiliary League he had sent out statements for all unsettled accounts so as to be enabled to meet certain payments about to fall due. Recipients of such statements, to the extent that they are able, w... please remit.

The Scandinavian Socialist Labor Federation submitted a set of by-laws for the government of their body, same to be endorsed by the N. E. C. The hour having grown very late and other important business still untouched, it was decided to hold a special meeting on April 22, when the vote on the convention city will be canvassed and the date set officially for the holding of the National Convention.

Adjourned.

John J. Kinneally, Rec. Sec. pro tem.

CANADIAN N. E. C.

Regular meeting of N. E. C. at London, Ont., April 8, Comrade F. Hunt in the Chair. I. P. Courtenay absent without excuse.

Communications from Section Vancouver B. C. enclosing $2.50 for dues, stamps and promising sem' annual report as soon as the books are prepared to have same made out from them. In reply to request of N. E. C. for contributions towards organizer's fund, Section Vancouver pointed out the disadvantages of attempting to have that work done by organizers from the Eastern portion of the Dominion, and showed how the work would be done so much more effectually and with less expense by co-operating with the S. L. P. of the United States. This view was concurred in, and the National Secretary was instructed to so inform Section Vancouver and solicit funds for organizing purposes upon that understanding.

From Comrade Farrell, Sault St. Marie, promising $5.00 towards organizer's fund when N. E. C. were prepared to use same for that purpose.

From J. Israelstam, Johannesberg, Transvaal, South Africa, enclosing copy of Resolutions from Social Democratic organizations desiring that N. E. C. of Canada forward same to "The People" for publication. Request granted, and National Secretasy instructed to forward same as desired.

From Australian League, Sydney, N. S. W., desiring information regarding the Constitution and Platform of the S. L. P. in Canada, also the National Constitution of the Country and other matters. Further asking for articles for publication in the official organ of the Party in Australia, giving information regarding economic and political conditions in Canada and its Provinces, state of the S. L. P. movement and labor matters generally. It was decided that the National Secretary at once send the Australian Comrades a copy of the Constitution and Platform of the S. L. P. of Canada, and also a copy of the North British-America act, (Constitution of Canada) and state that the request regarding the articles desired would be acceded to upon receipt of the copy of the official organ of the Party, which was stated had been forwarded to the N. E. C. here.

In discussing the communications from Africa and Australia, it was felt that united effort along the lines of the Socialist Labor Party of Canada and the United States, would be a powerful factor in moulding the workers of the English speaking portions of the world into an invincible army for their own emancipation. The influence of "The People" in this regard is being daily more and more recognized.

The National Secretary was instructed to have the post office box number of the N. E. C. inserted in "The People" with the name of the National Secretary.

Section London was informed through the National Secretary that an organizers' fund was being subscribed for, and requested to forward an answer to same at once with subscriptions for this purpose.

Adjourned.

D. Ross, Recording Secretary, pro tem.

ILLINOIS S. E. C.

Meeting of Illinois State Executive Committee held April 10. Opened by Organizer P. Veal, elected chairman. Yocum absent and excused.

Minutes of previous meeting approved as read.

Communications:—From National Secretary on condition of Party Press, filed. From Section Peoria, on prepaid subscription plan, also asking information about Charles Pierson's trial. Organizer reported having replied, sending procedure of trial as given by California S. E. C.; the same will be brought to State Convention. From Section Duquoin asking about railroad time and State Convention and remitting $5.50 for State fund. From Section Springfield vote on convention city and delegates to National Convention and requesting information on preparations for State Convention. From Section Chicago vote on delegates to National Convention; names of Section members in good standing; also other correspondence in exchange with organizer in which organizer closed arrangements by giving consent of the S. E. C. for Section to go ahead and put Comrade Arthur McGinnis to work as a solicitor for the Party Press in the city of Chicago for a few weeks on trial, the S. E. C. to pay one-half and Section Chicago the other half of his wages. The plan, as submitted by Section Chicago and the actions of organizer, on motion were endorsed and instructions given that if the trial proved successful and agreeable to both parties concerned that arrangements be made to continue Comrade McGinnis at work.

On motion an order was drawn on treasurer to send for $50 worth of prepaid subscription cards, first instalment on the 1,000 pledge.

Financial Report.

General Fund—On hand, March 27, $17.49. Expenditures for P. O. stamps $2. Balance on hand $15.49.

State Fund—On hand March 27, $35.07. Receipts: From Section Duquoin, $5.50; from Section Belleville, $11. Expenditures: For prepaid subscription cards, $50. Balance on hand $1.57.

G. A. Jenning, Rec. Sec'y.

CONNECTICUT S. E. C.

Regular meeting of the Connecticut State Executive Committee was held at headquarters of Section Hartford on Sunday, April 10. Comrade Ch. Fantone chairman.

Roll call showed all present, with the exception of A. Johnson, from New Britain.

Minutes of previous meeting were approved as read.

Communications: From New Haven, sending in $4.80 for dues and other matter. From Moosup, requesting N. A. F. matter. From National Secretary H. Kuhn, regarding subscription blanks and date of National Convention. From M. Stadel, about his nomination as delegate to National Convention. From Rockville sending $6.00 for dues and a block of prepaid subscription blanks. From C. J. Mercer, reporting about Stamford and South Norwalk and sending names of Section officers. Correspondence received and referred to new business.

Secretary reported having forwarded to Sections financial report and voting blanks on Naational Convention delegate and place for State Convention. Action endorsed.

In Weekly People contest J. Brewer, of Section Hartford, was awarded the prize, having secured the highest number of subscriptions.

Treasurer's report received as follows: On Hand, March 1, $144.60; Income for March, $44.97; Total, 189.57. Expenses for March, $2.02; On hand, April 1, $187.55. Defence fund, $25.09.

New business: Fifteen dollars were voted for the purchase of the Weekly People prize.

F. Fellerman and A. Gierginsky elected a committee to procure the prize.

Comrade Charles Fantone's bill ordered paid.

After discussing different propositions for the coming State Convention the meeting adjourned.

E. Sherman, Rec. Secy.

THE DAILY PEOPLE HOME-STRETCH FUND.

UNDER THIS HEAD WILL BE PUBLISHED ALL DONATIONS MADE FOR THE LAST FINAL EFFORT TO CLEAR UP THE BALANCE OF THE DEBT ON THE DAILY PEOPLE PRINTING PLANT. THAT BALANCE, ON NOVEMBER 15, WAS $4,643, PLUS INTEREST. WATCH AND SEE HOW THE FIGURES OF THE "HOME-STRETCH FUND" GET UP TO IT.

Previously acknowledged	$3,994.61
Section London, Ont., and W. Forbes	2.72
Mary Holmes, Guttenberg, N. J.	1.00
C. Ballo, Canton, O.	1.00
C. H. Evans, Celina, O.	1.00
W. Williams, Detroit, Mich.	2.00
L. Ballhaus, Boston, Mass.	1.00
Total	4,003.33

COMMITTEE OF FIFTEEN.

Previously acknowledged	$104.50
Per Crawford City	.75
7th A. D., Brooklyn, N. Y.	2.00
Progressive Socialist Club	5.00
Boldelli	5.00
H. Kuhn, 16 & 18 A. D., Brooklyn	.50
J. Ebert, 16 & 18 A. D., Brooklyn.	.50
J. Schwartz, 4 & 10 A. D., Br'klyn	.25
A. Ruhnke, 4 & 10 A. D., Brooklyn	.25
March 22, per Brauckmann	9.00
Total	127.75

SPECIAL FUND.

(As Per Circular Letter of September 3, 1901.)

Previously acknowledged	$8,557.27
E. Moonelis, New York City	.50
H. Warlett, Brooklyn, N. Y.	2.00
Total	8,559.77

FOR GENERAL ORGANIZER.

To all District and Local Alliances, Members at Large and Sympathizers of the Socialist Trades and Labor Alliance, Greeting:—

You are urgently called upon to contribute toward the establishment of a fund for the purpose of enabling the S. T. & L. A. to place a General Organizer in the field at the earliest possible date. Every effort looking to that end should be made.

Address all contributions to John J. Kinneally, Gen. Sec., S. T. & L. A., 2-6 New Reade street, New York.

BUFFALO LECTURES.

Sunday, April 24—Joint lecture on Venereal Diseases:

1. By Dr. Roswell Park, professor of surgery, University of Buffalo, on "Spread and Danger of Venereal Diseases."
2. By Dr. Henry R. Hopkins, professor of hygiene, U. of B., on "Social Significance of Venereal Diseases."
3. By Dr. Ernest Wende, professor of dermatology, U. of B., on "Municipal Control of Venereal Diseases."

At 3.15 p. m., under the auspices of the Labor Lyceum, in Florence Parlors, 527 Main, near Genesee street.

UNCLE SAM AND BROTHER JONATHAN.

(Continued from page 5.)

dicated by the pregnant expression: "Labor Market,"—WE ARE ENSLAVED!

B. J.—Then, all that was gained is lost again?

U. S.—But not beyond recall. Our slavery a hundred and odd years ago arose from our political DEPENDENCE upon a foreign power; accordingly, our freedom at that time had to be gained by our asserting our INDEPENDENCE. Now, then, to-day, our slavery arises from the circumstances of our being merchandise lying on the shelves of the market—along with beef and pork, and potatoes; accordingly, our freedom from this new bondage must be gained by our stripping ourselves from the disgraceful condition of merchandise: we must pull ourselves away from the economic companionship of pork and beef, and shoes and leather, and all other merchandise; we must dare to stand erect; we must dare to claim our rights and perform our duties as MEN, as HUMAN BEINGS. To do that now, we must overthrow the present tyrant class—the capitalist class—the present tyrant system—the Capitalist or Wage Slavery system, and set up the Socialist Republic where the instruments of production shall be owned by all; and thus all who work may be free. Fall to, Jonathan.

CORRUPTION IN THE BREWERS' UNION

HOW THE "NEW YORKER VOLKS ZEITUNG" BETRAYS UNIONS FOR THE SAKE OF CAPITALISTIC ADVERTISEMENTS — ITS UNHEARD OF IMPUDENCE AND MENDACITY—CORRUPT FAKIRS OF LOCAL UNIONS AND WEAK-KNEED NATIONAL OFFICERS—IN SPITE OF ITS SOCIALISTIC CLOAK, MORE DESPICABLE THAN THE MOST PRONOUNCED PURE AND SIMPLE UNION.

(From the "Socialistiche Arbeiter Zeitung," Translated for The Daily People by Gotthold Ollendorff.)

New York, March 13, 1904.

To the Editor:

Dear Sir—I would beg you, if possible, to publish this article, for it is time that the corruption in the brewers' union should at last come to light. The article of Wagner has created quite a stir, which is still increasing. No man has any idea how these knaves handle the workingmen. It is to be hoped that the paper which does not fear the corruptionists will gain new readers by this expose.

I shake your hand in spirit, and remain, fraternally yours, N. N.

(Note of the Editor.—Although the sender of the above letter and following article has given permission to publish his name and address, the Editor declines to do so, in order to protect him from the inevitable revenge of the "eminent leaders.")

While reading the last number of the "Socialistische Arbeiter Zeitung" many a New York brewery worker was greatly rejoiced to learn that there is at least one paper which dares to depict in their true colors the corruptionists of Brewers' Union No. 1, and the weak-kneed officers of the union.

To be sure, the "New Yorker Volkszeitung" is quite an adept in its role as an advocate of the suppressed workingman, whenever it goes on a money-hunt for its fairs, expositions and other schemes, but when such a matter as the defense of some poor, shamelessly persecuted fellow is in order it hides behind all kinds of excuses. Thus did this unprincipled old hag help to sell out the engineers and firemen of the brewers' union when the infamous New York pool contracts were made.

There was always room in its columns for the most palpable mendacities, manufactured by Charles Pommer and Deputy Sheriff Healy, regarding the engineers' and firemen's unions, while all communications of the latter went to the waste basket.

It was Healy who, when, as president of the Brotherhood of Firemen, was asked to call out his men in the power-house on a sympathetic strike during the Brooklyn street railroad strike, answered: "To hell with the strikers! Let them fight their own battles, as we do ours!"

True to this motto, it always is his endeavor to ruin the brewers' union, even if he had to offer his men at lower wages and longer hours. This he did, when the contracts with the New York pool breweries were made, and Charles Pommer and the "Volkszeitung" were his faithful allies in this affair.

At that time Firemen's Union No. 30 published the scandal in pamphlet form, and openly accused the "Volkszeitung" of having been bought by the promise of the pool brewers' advertisements. To this all that the accused sheet could reply was that the accusation would surely redound upon its perpetrators. Let us look at the facts in the case!

One nice day the old fish-bag of 184 William street reported that the negotiations with the pool brewers had been ended, and that the contracts had been signed.

AND THE NEXT DAY ALL THE POOL BREWERS' ADVERTISEMENTS, WHICH FOR YEARS HAD BEEN MISSING, AGAIN MADE THEIR APPEARANCE IN THE COLUMNS OF THE "VOLKSZEITUNG."

Plain enough, is it not?

The "Brauerzeitung" at that time made front against the "Volkszeitung" on account of its vile attitude, but—birds of a feather flock together!

After the last special convention the "Brauerzeitung," with a great deal of satisfaction, stated that THE CONVENTION HAD ALLOWED THE SUM OF $200 TO THE "VOLKSZEITUNG" FOR SERVICES (sic!) RENDERED.

The sheet had sent a correspondent to the convention for the purpose of obtaining TRUTHFUL reports, AFTER IT HAD SERIOUSLY HURT THE UNION IN NEW YORK BY FALSE REPORTS.

The New York corruption delegate had moved the above allowance, in order to further recompense the lying hag for its already rendered filthy assistance. In the near future, the lying sheet will receive a still further reward from the corruptionists of Brewers' Union No. 1!

In order to put new life in the bottomless, ever-empty strong box of the "Volkszeitung," an "Industrial and Food Exposition" will soon take place. On this occasion, Weyell and other officers of Brewers' Union No. 1 purpose to install a miniature brewery and brew and sell beer for the benefit of the needy sheet.

A pity that at this exposition the whole corrupt outfit will not be exhibited! There would for exhibit No. 1 Ernest Bohn, who, although expelled from the brewers' union on account of the embezzlement of $1,700, still pulls the wires, being a good friend and pinochle brother of Charles Pommer. Bohn could lecture on the art of colecting dues without being compelled to account for the same.

Next Pommer should follow, exhibiting his diamonds and real estate. The rags which he wore before he became the "walking delegate" of the brewers should also be there, for the sake of the contrast. Charley himself should pose as Gambrinus on top of a barrel of wine, for he forgot long ago how to drink beer.

Jacob Huber, as well, would make a splendid specimen for exhibition. He could parade in that famous position when, armed with a sandbag, he was lying in ambush and tried to knock down the opposing members of Brewers' Union No. 59. (The black eyes, and the effects of the knocks and kicks of that occasion, could easily be reproduced by art.)

The pose of Charles Weyell, representing him in the act of blackmailing hotel-keeper Wilhelm Bennekamper to the tune of $180, under the threat of causing Brewers' Union No. 1 to vacate his premises, would also be quite interesting.

Strike-leader Franz Niedermeyer also ought not to be missing. He should explain the whereabouts of the STRIKE MONEYS which the strikers at Karsch's College Point Brewery DID NOT GET.

The above specimens have all been culled from Brewers' Union No. 1, of New York, but a similar collection could easily be made from the Brooklyn Union of the same trade. Especially Beer Drivers' Union No. 23, of New York, should not forget to send their secretary, Graven, whom the "Brauerzeitung" proved to be the employe of a private detective agency, and who has the right to pull the gun on decent workingmen.

These are the splendid specimens of union men who were the companions of International Secretary Probstle, the "honest people" in whose company, as reported in the previous issue of this paper, he so hugely enjoyed his Christmas.

It is more than probable that Santa Claus did also not forget him, and this would be a further addition to the "Volkszeitung" Exposition.

Finally, the Volks-sheet itself should form part of the exhibit, representing the personification of Impudence. It possessed the audacity to send for sale 200 exposition tickets to Firemen's Union No. 30, after having assisted in almost ruining this very union. The reply, which the shameless hag received to this was pocketed by her in silence. A sign of the times! Most sincerely, N. N.

LABOR NEWS DEPARTMENT.

The Italian translations of "What Means This Strike?" and "Reform and Revolution" have been received from the binders and are ready for distribution. Price, 5 cents each, 3 cents each in quantities.

It has been necessary to get out new editions of "The Socialist Republic," "Socialism," by McClure, and "The Class Struggle." "Reform and Revolution" is now in press, and "What Means This Strike?" will be sent through another edition in a week or two. Ten thousand of the latter have been sold in the past year. The new edition will be issued in covers.

The first thousand of "Woman Under Socialism" are about sold, and 500 more will be delivered from the bindery this week. The sale is very encouraging, and is the result of earnest work among the comrades throughout the country.

"The Pilgrim's Shell" has been sent to press, and delivery will be made within three weeks. The edition will be 2,500. Advance orders should be sent in at once. Price, 75 cents. This book should prove a rapid seller. Special terms to Sections and canvassers in quantities.

FOR OVER SIXTY YEARS
An Old and Well-Tried Remedy.
MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used for over SIXTY YEARS by MILLIONS of MOTHERS for their CHILDREN WHILE TEETHING, WITH PERFECT SUCCESS. It SOOTHES the CHILD, SOFTENS the GUMS, ALLAYS all PAIN; CURES WIND COLIC, and is the best remedy for DIARRHOEA. Sold by Druggists in every part of the world. Be sure and ask for
MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP,
AND TAKE NO OTHER KIND.
Twenty-Five Cents a Bottle.

MASS MEETING

UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE NEW YORK COUNTY COMMITTEE, SOCIALIST LABOR PARTY, TO CELEBRATE INTERNATIONAL LABOR DAY,

MONDAY, MAY 2, 8 P. M.

COOPER UNION

SPEAKERS: DANIEL DE LEON, CHARLES J. MERCER, OF BRIDGEPORT, CONN.; CHARLES H. CORREGAN, JAMES T. HUNTER AND OTHERS

THE
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